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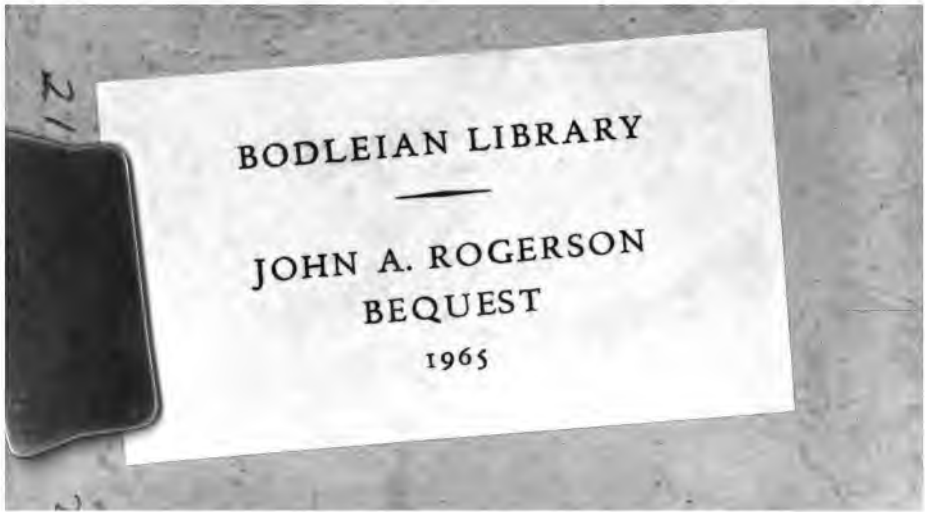
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Juvenile Anecdotes,

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

COLLECTED FOR THE

AMUSEMENT OF CHILDREN.

By PRISCILLA WAKEFIELD,

AUTHOR OF MENTAL IMPROVEMENT, LEISURE HOURS, *&c.*

VOL. II.

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JUVENILE

JUVENILE ANECDOTES.

THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

EDWIN was a thoughtful child: from his infancy, he loved to withdraw himself from his companions, and to seek amusement alone. In the summer season he delighted to find a shady bank, where he might indulge himself at his ease, in observing the direction of the birds as they flew through the air, or in watching the motions of the gold and silver fish as they glided along the fishpond in the garden. Sometimes he would take pleasure in placing himself at a small distance from a nest of young birds, and, with the utmost patience, watch the mother, as she was busied in collecting food for her young. Her regularity in satisfying them exactly in their turns, though each thrust forward its gaping mouth with equal eagerness, astonished him; nor could he explain, to his own satisfaction, th

means by which she was enabled to distinguish them. Day after day, he would return to the same place, for the pleasure of renewing his observations, till repeated experiments convinced him, that all animals are guided by the same affection and skill in rearing their young. As he had been often told that they were not endued with reason, he was at a loss to know what name to give this universal principle, by which the different species are directed to provide for their tender offspring, in a manner adapted to their several natures. At length he applied to his kind friend and counsellor, Mr. St. Barbe, who informed him that it was called *Instinct*, and was given them by their Great Creator, instead of reason, which is a higher, and more extensive quality, and peculiar to man: that, by virtue of this capacity, both large and small animals, even to the most minute insect, know what food to choose, and what to reject as poisonous or hurtful to them. That it enabled millions of birds, of different kinds, to find their way across the wide ocean, when the season became too warm or too cold for them in one country; and instructed them to search for

another which was better calculated for their enjoyment. He related to him also many other wonderful particulars concerning this faculty, which rather excited, than satisfied, the curiosity of Edwin. He determined to observe more nicely than ever, the propensities of all the animals within his reach, that he might discover, by his own attention, some of those surprising effects of which he had heard. One day, as he was wandering about a turnip field, his little dog Chloe sprang a covey of partridges, by running too near their nest: the young ones were scarcely old enough to escape from his pursuit. This was an opportunity not to be resisted; he intended to try to catch one of them, that he might confine it, for the purpose of knowing its peculiar nature more exactly; but whilst he was taking means to effect his purpose, he was surprised to see the old one run close by his feet, hopping along, as if she had received some injury, and was hardly able to walk, much less to fly. Compassion for her, withdrew his attention from the brood; he left them to follow her, hoping he might be able to relieve

her; but what was his astonishment, upon pursuing her a good way, to see her rise in the air without difficulty, and fly out of sight in a minute! He disturbed the covey a second time, and was again seduced from the young birds, by the pretended lameness of the old one; but he now perceived that it was an artifice to draw him away from her nest, in order to preserve her young. This incident furnished his mind with matter for reflection for many days, till he was roused from it by an observation, that equally called forth his admiration.—A butterfly, of a reddish hue, was sporting among the flowers in his father's garden: he endeavoured to catch it, with design to present it to his sister; but suddenly he lost sight of it, nor could he think what had become of it for some time, till at last he spied it on the gravel walk. He attempted to seize it, but in vain: it flew from one part of the walk to another, but he was unable to force it to change its situation. It continued to confine itself upon the gravel, till he declined the pursuit, which he no sooner renewed, than it returned to its favourite situation. *Perplexed with a circumstance so unaccount-*

able, he reclined upon a bench which was near, to consider the cause of it. He had no doubt that self-defence was the motive of the butterfly's choice, but he was a long while before he could discover why she sought protection on the gravel walk, in preference to the grass plot; but after attributing it to different circumstances, a thought struck him, that instinct had taught the butterfly to seek security by alighting on a body, the colour of which approached to that of her wings. This led him to make many new discoveries. He found that the colour of most insects has an affinity to that of the plant upon which they feed, which is a considerable protection against the attacks of their enemies. Few objects, which fell under his notice, excited his wonder more, than the growth of vegetables; it was a mystery that he could never explain, that the same clod of dark brown earth should produce the dissimilar tints of the lily and the rose; or that seeds so nearly equal in size as the acorn and the kidney-bean, should contain the embryo of plants so very different as the *sturdy* oak tree, and the slender creeping *plant* which proceeds from the latter. In

spring he amused himself with sowing the seeds of annual flowers, and was delighted to observe their daily progress. He would measure the height of some of them at noon, that he might ascertain how much they grew by the same hour next day; but he was mortified to find their advance, though quick, was too gradual for his perception. The expansion of the buds was a new object of observation and pleasure; and once he was particularly charmed at beholding the coral of a passion-flower blow whilst he was looking at it: he had never seen any thing which pleased him so much before. In the evening he repeated his visit to this beautiful flower, which in the morning had unfolded its azure petals before him, and disclosed a circular ray of many colours, crowned with a rich cross; but, alas! these were no longer visible, the flower was closed, and Edwin returned with disappointment. The next day the reviving warmth of the sun opened the passion-flower again, but at night it was once more closely shut up. This unexpected change led our young naturalist to inspect other flowers, many of which he perceived closed up their petals at the approach of night, and by that means sheltered

the tender parts which contain the seeds from moisture and cold. This, and other observations of the like nature, induced him to think that vegetables were endued with a kind of instinct, though of an inferior degree, as well as animals; and led him to consider that every part of nature is under the inspection and guidance of that Almighty Power by which they were created. This thought occupied him frequently, and rendered him more serious than is common for boys of his age. Mr. St. Barbe, who was mentioned before, was an intimate visitor in the family, and particularly attached to Edwin, on account of the singularity of his character and disposition. Very often he would condescend to become the companion of his walks, and to adapt his conversation to his age, which was now about ten. Such subjects were introduced, and questions proposed, by this gentleman, as he thought likely to improve his understanding and promote a love of virtue. In one of these excursions, they had been engaged on topics of a more serious nature than ordinary, which had unintentionally led them to speak of the Deity, and of his superintend-

ing providence. In order to hear what reply Edwin was capable of making, Mr. St. Barbe said, 'I will give you an orange, if you can tell me where God is.' Edwin looked thoughtful, was silent a few minutes, and then returned this extraordinary answer: 'Sir, I will give you two oranges, if you can tell me where he is not.' No child could have given such a reply, who had not frequently meditated on the works of creation, and perceived, by his observations, that the hand of the all-wise Creator is visible in every object which nature presents. Parents! be persuaded, that the first and best volume of instruction, for your children, is that which is offered to their view in every green field: it is always open to them, and easy of access; and will assuredly repay their attention, by inspiring an early spirit of piety and devotion.

THE GOOD DAUGHTER.

LITTLE Rachel was only eight years of age, when, one morning, as she was sitting by the parlour fire, dressing her doll, she was

startled by the entrance of three or four gruff-looking fellows, who burst open the door in a very rude manner. As soon as they came in, her mother turned pale and trembled. They enquired for her father, whom they seized by the collar, the moment they found him. The terrified Rachel clung to her mother's knee, and endeavoured to hide herself under her apron. A very distressing scene followed, which the child did not understand; but the first time she was with her mother alone, she took the opportunity of enquiring what was the matter, for she plainly perceived that something had happened which occasioned great distress in the family. Her mother, with tears in her eyes, told her, that they were ruined; that her father had lost all his money, and would be turned out of his house; that those men were bailiffs, whose office it was to carry people to prison, who could not pay what they owed. Rachel, though so very young, was able to comprehend, by this conversation, that her father was become poor, and was very sorry for his affliction: however, she was soon amused with her baby-house and playthings, and forgot her grief for a

esent. A few days afterwards, her aunt
ıdly came to make an offer of relieving her
her and mother of the burthen of bringing
r up, by taking her home to live with her.
ıeir distressed circumstances would not suf-
· them to reject this proposal, though
ey felt great reluctance to part with their
rling child. When the time came for her
leave them, and the carriage was at the
or, which was to convey her to her aunt's,
: ran up to her father, and kissed him, and
the same time, sliding a sixpence into his
nd, said: 'My dear papa, do take this: it
all I have in the world.' The innocent
nplicity of the action, and the tenderness
pressed by it, overcame the fortitude of her
rents, who had resolved to suppress their
elings at parting with her. They caressed
r by turns, and moistened her with tears
ıich they could no longer restrain. Ami-
le child! may the same sensibility and af-
ction accompany thee through life: they
ıll afford thee many pleasures, which the
lfish cannot know; though they may cause
e some tears, which the unfeeling may envy,
can never enjoy.

THE GRATEFUL SCHOOLFELLOW.

TALEBEARING is an odious fault, and generally renders those who are guilty of it, not only disliked, but despised. But there is a proper distinction to be made between the tattler, who repeats every inadvertent action, with a malicious design to make mischief; and the boy of true courage, who dares appeal, in an open manner, to his master, at the risk of being scoffed at by his companions for a tell-tale, when he sees the weak oppressed by the strong, and is unable to redress the injury. The four sons of Mr. Milton were sent to a large school, in which were boys of all ages. It frequently happens at such schools, that the bigger boys impose upon the younger ones; employing them in their errands, and making them, what they call *fags:* a treatment to which they are obliged to submit, till they become old enough to assert their own independence, and tyrannise in their turn. In these numerous seminaries, friendships are likewise formed, which are maintained with a warmth of affection

and are productive of instances of generosity, worthy of a more advanced age. Similarity of taste and disposition united the Miltons in a close intimacy with a boy of the name of Danvers. He might be said to be of the middle order, with respect to age; he neither ranked with those who were called little ones, nor did he presume to consider himself upon a par with the leaders of the school. The partiality of their sons introduced him to the notice of Mr. and Mrs. Milton, from whom he had received many testimonies of regard. With a design to gratify their children, especially Roland, the youngest, who was particularly attached to Danvers, they sometimes invited him to pass part of the holidays at their house: on other occasions, they would send him a rich cake, or increase his stock of pocket-money by a psesent. The heart of Danvers was too grateful not to feel the value of these favours, and he returned them, by the only means in his power—an increase of attachment towards their sons. In every contest he sided with the Miltons, and fought many a battle *in their* defence; but one day *met with an antagonist* who was above his

match. As he was hastily passing across the play-ground, he was stopped by the cries of his young friend Roland, suffering from the cruel behaviour of one of the great boys, who was hated as the tyrant of the school. Danvers, perceiving that his oppressor used him excessively ill, by beating, kicking, and shoving him about, enquired what was the cause of such treatment. 'What is that to you?' replied Fletcher; 'mind your own business, or I will presently teach you the consequences of interfering in what does not concern you.' Danvers expostulated, and endeavoured to convince him of the injustice and meanness of tyrannising over those who are unable to avenge themselves. But it was vain to argue with one who was deaf to remonstrance, and he was conscious that he was no match in strength with Fletcher, who was as powerful as he was cruel and ill-natured; therefore, he went directly to Dr. Stephenson, his master, and related the transaction. The doctor sent for Fletcher, and reprimanded him severely for fighting, but more especially for his dastardly conduct in beating a child of six

years of age: 'Had you possessed true courage,' continued the Doctor, 'you would have scorned to have abused an adversary so unable to oppose you. Retire into the school-room, till you have learnt a double portion of Latin verse, to that which I usually impose, for infringing the rule made against fighting. Fletcher withdrew, with a sulky countenance, expressive of the revenge he meditated; for his haughty spirit could not brook the mortification of being punished upon the accusation of another. But to undergo a double penance, from the report of an inferior, was insufferable; he was, therefore, no sooner released, than he collected all the boys of his age and class, and related the affair to them in such a light, as made Danvers appear like a mean tell-tale, whom it was their common interest to chastise. In consequence of this misrepresentation, they agreed to seize poor Danvers, the first opportunity, and satiate their revenge upon him. Danvers sustained their blows with manly resolution, calling out, whilst under their hands, 'I scorn to tell tales for my own sake, however ill used *I may be; but now* I suffer in defence of my

friend, and for the gratitude I owe to my benefactors, Mr. and Mrs. Milton, therefore you may beat me as much, and as long, as you please.'

THE BLACK BOOK.

REWARDS for doing right, and punishments for doing wrong, should be distributed with great justice and impartiality. In different schools there are different modes of regulating the behaviour of the pupils, according to the inclination of those who govern them. A better plan can scarcely be adopted than that of the school where the Miltons went, whom I named in my last story. Dr. Stephenson formed a code of laws, as they might properly be called, enjoining certain penalties for certain faults, which gave every boy an opportunity of knowing the consequences of disobedience, before he committed the act. Most of these penalties consisted in tasks to be learned by heart, for each of which a stated time was allowed. If these tasks were neglected to be learn

by the appointed day, anincrease of punishment was incurred: but, as it was impossible, from the multiplicity of offences, to remember the exact time when every boy was guilty of a fault, many would doubtless have escaped all punishment, who deserved it as much as those who suffered, had there not been a book kept, called the Imposition Book, in which a daily account was entered of the offences committed, and of the tasks imposed, by which it was easy to ascertain the time when each delinquent ought to be able to repeat his task. As an emblem of its melancholy office, this book was bound in black leather, and deposited under lock and key, in Dr. Stephenson's own desk; which was a necessary precaution, as he had promised, that if ever it should be lost or missing, an act of grace should follow, and all punishments which were due should be forgiven. Such special care being taken for its preservation, there were but little hopes that this happy day could ever arrive; but sometimes the very thing which is least expected, happens, as was the case with this dismal book.

Charles Stephenson was about eleven years

old, and of the most amiable disposition: his good temper, and desire of rendering others happy, made him the darling of the school. Whatever indulgencies he was granted, whether cakes, fruit, or liberty, his first care was to share it with others; for he had no sense of enjoyment which centered in himself. Dr. and Mrs. Stephenson loved him with more than usual affection, for which they might be well excused, since his happy turn of mind endeared him to all who knew him. This promising child fell sick of a fever; the physician pronounced him in great danger, and urged the necessity of his taking the medicines which they had ordered, regularly, as his recovery depended much upon it. Poor Charles was in an uncomfortable situation, his stomach loathed the nicest food, and the draught was very nauseous: his resolution failed, and he refused to swallow it. His mother entreated him, and even wept at the bedside, but without success. After every effort had been vainly tried, his father was called. 'My dear Charles,' said he, 'I am sensible of the difficulty you feel to comply with my request, but the medicine must be taken: name any re

ward or indulgence which I can bestow, as the price of your compliance, and it shall be granted.' Such an unlimited offer would have tempted many boys to have procured some gratification for themselves; but Charles Stephenson, after a moment's reflection, said, 'Give me the cup, and burn the Imposition Book, and I will drink up the draught without hesitation.' It had a happy effect, Charles recovered, and the first day that he was well enough to play among the boys, the destruction of the black book was commemorated by a holiday, which all enjoyed, but none so completely, as he who had procured this festivity, by preferring the happiness of others to his own.

THE FORE HORSE OF THE TEAM.

SEVERAL children were at play, one fine summer's morning, in the pleasure-grounds of Mr. Marchmont. One amusement succeeded another: they flew a kite, played at nine pins, ran races, and tossed balls; each sport tired in its turn, and was followed by

another, which was preferred chiefly on account of its novelty. After various proposals, it was agreed to abandon their former diversions, for drawing a large waggon, which belonged to the eldest of Mr. Marchmont's sons. The waggon was produced, and the harness adjusted, but when they came to pair themselves for horses, a disupte arose, who should be the fore horse of the team. Every one coveted this eminent station: one only could enjoy it. Several schemes of accommodation were proposed, all of which were for a time rejected; for none was willing to yield this distinction to his companions. After much persuasion, the little company consented to enjoy the privilege by turns, and by this condescension, good humour and harmony were restored amongst them. They were almost ready to set off, before they perceived that Harry Wyndham had slid away in the sulks, behind a laurel tree, in order to escape observation. Upon drawing him from his hiding place, and enquiring the cause of his discontent, he declared that he would not play at all, unless he were allowed to be the fore horse befor

any of the rest. It could not be expected that those who were older than he, would give up the superiority of their claim to such an unreasonable request. Expostulation was fruitless: he obstinately adhered to his resolution of being first, or nothing. At length his playfellows, wearied with his perverseness, left him in the quiet possession of his retired corner, to reflect upon his own folly, whilst they pursued their diversion with all the glee that health, innocence, and cheerfulness inspire. In the midst of their sport, Mr. Marchmont came into the garden, and turned up the very walk through which they were drawing the waggon. This happy party immediately attracted his observation. 'I am pleased to see you so agreeably amused,' said he; 'but what have you done with Harry Wyndham?' 'He is affronted, papa,' replied Louis Marchmont, 'and as he would not yield to reason, we have left him by himself till he recover his temper, and is willing to play upon a par with the rest.' After having heard the story, Mr. Marchmont approved *their conduct:* 'It will teach him a lesson,' said he, 'which may be profitable to him the

whole of his life; for should he continue to covet the first place, and determine never to acknowledge a superior, he must be unhappy; as, whatever may be the talents or good fortune of any man, his success will be very extraordinary indeed, who surpasses all his competitors.'

THE LINNET.

ONE afternoon, as three children were at play in a meadow, behind their father's house, they found a young linnet lying on the ground. Delighted with the treasure, each of them was desirous of claiming it, and a dispute had like to have arisen about the right of possession; but as they were very affectionate towards one another, the contest was presently settled, and the younger ones yielded up the prize, by mutual consent, to their elder sister, who took it in her hand, and ran in hastily to show her mamma what they had found. 'Dear mamma,' said she, 'see! I have got a little bird: he lay upon the grass, gasping for *breath*, and as there was no one to take care

of him, I took him up, and will nurse him with the tenderest attention; and, if I can but prevail with you to allow me to keep him, will make him as happy as if he were with his mother.'—'I fear that is impossible,' replied her mamma, 'but as I suppose he has accidentally dropped out of some nest, and must be starved, unless we take compassion on him, I shall break through my general rule, against keeping birds in a state of confinement, and consent to your request, upon condition, that you do not torment him from a false idea of kindness, but suffer him to be managed properly, without meddling with him too often.' Myra promised to comply with her mamma's directions in every particular. She was now ordered to ask one of the servants to seek for a cage to put him in. 'Here is a cage, mamma,' said Myra, 'but the bottom is too hard for my poor bird to lie upon. What can I contrive to put in the inside, that shall be soft, like his nest?' 'There is hay in the stable,' cried her brother, 'I will fetch some, if you please.' 'Hay is too harsh; you do *not consider,* that the inside of a bird's-nest *is as soft as down.* My dear Emily,' said

she to her sister, 'go and gather some moss from off the bank at the bottom of the garden: I think we could make a nest with that, and line it with feathers out of the poultry yard.' 'It requires more art than you imagine,' said her mother, 'to make a bird's nest. The greatest ingenuity cannot imitate the works of these little architects; besides, every kind of bird chuses materials of a different sort, and as I do not know what linnets use, we will put a small box into the cage, filled with cotton, which will be both soft and warm, and can easily be changed as often as there is occasion for a clean bed.' The box and the cotton were soon procured, and the bird lodged in it, as comfortably as he could be in a habitation so strange to him. The next care was to provide him with food, which would be agreeable to his taste and nature. Several things were proposed and rejeted; at last it was determined to mix bread and milk with some bruised hempseed, as the best sustenance they could give him. Something more was still wanting; the bird was so young, that he was not able to feed himself, and Myra was at a loss how to put the vic-

tuals into his mouth. Her mamma relieved her from this difficulty, by instructing her to feed him with a quill. This tender-hearted child, having supplied her little nestling with every necessary which she thought he could possibly want, rejoiced in the thought of his being perfectly happy, and looked upon him as a kind of companion, that would repay her attention by his fond attachment. But after she had fed him, and left him, as she thought, to enjoy a peaceful slumber, how bitterly was she disappointed, to hear him continue to chirp or cry as in the utmost distress. 'What can be the matter with him? mamma,' said she; 'he has got a nice soft bed to keep him warm, and he ate his bread and milk as if he relished it. Perhaps I did not give him enough to satisfy his hunger; pray, take the cage down, and let me feed him again, for I cannot bear to hear his cries.' 'It is far more likely,' replied her mamma, 'that he finds himself in an uncomfortable situation, though you have done so much to make him easy. The cotton that forms his bed may be as soft as the inside of his nest, *but he misses the* wing of his mother, which

used to cover him, and her tender soothings, which lulled him to rest. The food that he has eaten, though the best you can get for him, is nevertheless different from that which his fond parent used to collect, and soften for him in her mouth.' Myra sighed, and began to fear she could never make him happy. However, she was desirous of trying once more, and for that purpose entreated permission to take him out of the cage, and lull him in her bosom. Her request was granted, but all her endeavours were ineffectual, to appease his complaints: his inarticulate language denoted misery, which her utmost tenderness could not remove. Unable to support the sight of his sufferings, without the power of relieving them, after having tried every means that her imagination could suggest, her wish to see her favourite happy, overcame her reluctance to part with him. She desired that the gardener might go along with her to the spot where she had found the little sufferer, and if the nest could be discovered, return him to his mother, who alone was capable of restoring him to health and

enjoyment. This design met with her mamma's approbation, and she received many commendations from her, for her readiness to give up her own inclination, in order to procure happiness for her bird. Encouraged by these praises, she proceeded, with the cage in her hand, accompanied by her brother and sister and the gardener, to the place, where so lately the acquisition of this bird had given her such great delight; but which she was now going to resign, from the motive of enjoying a different kind of pleasure, though not less grateful, which proceeds from rendering others happy. She searched for the nest with eager eye, though unsuccessfully, both in the hedge, and amongst the branches of some trees which grew near, when Emily called out, 'I have found it; but oh! a ravenous cat has pulled it to pieces! It lies scattered here in the grass, mingled with the feathers and bones of the other birds, which she has destroyed. Whilst they were lamenting over these fragments, Thomas the gardener observed an old bird perched upon a neighbouring tree, making a mournful noise, expressive of grief. Upon farther examination,

he had no doubt that this was the hapless mother, who had been thus unfortunately bereaved of her young. He advised the children to suffer him to tie the cage to one of the trees, upon which the old one was sitting, and to conceal themselves behind a bush, that they might watch her motions unperceived. They consented to his proposal, and in about a quarter of an hour, they had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing her listen to the cries of the young bird; by degrees she approached towards the cage, and at length hovered on the top of it, clapping her wings for joy. After a few moments of transport, in which she was confirmed that the inhabitant of this wiery house was her own lost little one, she flew with wonderful swiftness in search of food for a regale, and snapping at a fly, which was sporting in the sun, returned with it in her mouth, and gave it to her young one, which was gaping for some precious morsel from her well-known beak. The plaintive notes of both the mother-bird and her nestling ceased: her sorrows for the loss of the rest of her brood, were soothed

by the joy of one being restored to her; whilst he, satisfied with the wholesome meal she had brought him, and rejoicing at being once more under her protection, sunk into peaceful repose. The old bird repeated her visits to the cage many times every day; the little one throve upon the nourishment she found abroad; and, by the constant attention of the children, who were allowed to clean his cage, and hang it out every morning, he grew up extremely tame, would perch upon their fingers, and eat out of their hands. When he was old enough to feed himself, his mother gradually abandoned him, and busied herself in building another nest for the reception of a future family. He became more and more attached to the little girls, and frequently rewarded their kindness with a melodious song. He lived with them several years, in the possession of every comfort that a bird confined in a cage can enjoy. He was, indeed, insensible of the pleasures of freedom, having never known them, therefore could suffer no regret for the want of them; and as he had *not been* used to seek his own living, *would have been* starved, had he been turned

out of doors. But it is far otherwise with those birds which are caught when full grown: they repine at the loss of liberty, and the company of their mates, which makes it a cruelty to confine them; as we have no right to torment the meanest creature for mere amusement, but should make it our constant aim to do every kind office to all around us.

I WISH I WERE BOB.

'I WISH I were Bob,' said little Arthur, sighing as he sat in the parlour window, watching for his papa's return. 'Who do you wish to be, my dear?' said his aunt, who was busied with some employment at the farther end of the room: 'I do not know who Bob is, but I think that you could not be happier for exchanging with any person. You have every thing a little boy can want, and as you are generally good-tempered and docile, you enjoy the love of all who know you; and what can you desire more, than to have your wants supplied, and to be the

darling of the family?' 'Indeed, my dear aunt, I am quite contented with what I have, and like being with you; but still I wish I were Bob, because I have not seen my papa these three days, and he has been with him all the while. I love you dearly, but I cannot help loving papa better. Whenever papa goes out, Bob always goes with him, when I am obliged to stay at home; therefore, I wish I were Bob, that I might go too.' 'I cannot think who this Bob can be, that you envy so much,' replied his aunt; 'but make yourself easy, your papa will soon be here, and then you may have the pleasure of his company as you are; for no alteration can make you dearer to him: nothing can be more engaging in his eyes, than his own smiling Arthur.' 'Bob is the name of my papa's horse,' said the child, 'and you know, aunt, that he is often with him, when I am a great way off; therefore you cannot be surprised that I wish to be in his place.' 'There is nothing wonderful,' answered his aunt, 'in your desire to be with your papa, and to go abroad with him; but surely you never considered the difference between a boy and a

horse, when you wished to make this exchange with Bob.' 'I never thought about any thing,' replied he, 'but my papa; and it seems such a long long while since I have seen him, that I am afraid he has forgotten me, and will not come back any more.' 'You may lay aside your fears upon that subject, my dear,' said his aunt; 'you may be assured that your father is equally unwilling to be absent from you, but he has many things to engage his time, besides amusing himself with you. His business would be neglected, if he did not sometimes attend it, and then he would have no money to purchase clothes and victuals for you, neither would he be able to pay for your going to school. And if you were not taught, you would grow up in ignorance, and be hardly so good as Bob, for he knows how to perform his duty; but a person without instruction is incapable of being useful to himself or others.' Whilst they were earnest in this conversation, the sound of wheels rolling at a little distance, gave notice of the approach of a carriage. *Arthur* listened for a moment. 'Oh, there *he is!*' said he, without waiting till the chai

came in sight: 'I know it is my dear papa; may not I run out to meet him?' Before his aunt could reply to his question, he was at the gate of the court yard, his eyes sparkling with joy, and his cheeks flushed with a brighter red then usual. 'How glad I am to see you come home again, papa! I thought that you were gone quite away, and had forgotten poor Arthur.' 'I am sorry I have been obliged to stay so long; but I can never forget a boy who is good,' said his father. 'Come with me into the house: let me hear from your aunt, whether you deserve a good character: and if she give me such an account of your behaviour in my absence, as I shall approve, you shall receive a token of my remembrance to-morrow, which I have ordered to be sent down from London.' His aunt was well pleased to have nothing to allege, which could prevent the arrival of a handsome rocking-horse the next day. It was of a bright bay colour, and had a black mane and tail, and in honour of his father's horse, received the name of Bob. A more acceptable present could not have been chosen.

During the first week, Arthur was almost

always on horseback; in a little while he rode less; but his rocking-horse, Bob, continued to be a favourite plaything.

THE PLUM-CAKE.

CHILDREN should be accustomed, when young, to temperance in eating and drinking; by which is meant, such a command over the appetite, as not to eat more at a time than they want, even though that which is before them is ever so nice. A habit of moderation will render it easy to forbear, when they see fine fruit, pastry, or other things, which they like, but have not the liberty to taste. A little boy, whom I formerly knew, was so completely exercised in this forbearance, that his father used frequently to send him alone, into gardens that abounded in grapes, peaches, nectarines, and every other delicious fruit that the different seasons produce; but he never could discover that he made an improper use of these opportunities, by meddling with any of them; though the soft down of the blooming peach, and the rich purple cluster

of the vine, might have tempted any child to have gathered them.

It was highly honourable to him to resist such temptations; but it was cruelty to expose him to so difficult a situation. Few children have their virtue put to such severe trials; it is, therefore, less excusable, if they cannot see a plate of apples or plums without touching them, or asking to partake of them, before the rest of the company are served. Every possible discouragement should be shown to this greedy disposition, by public marks of disgrace, as means of preventing selfishness, and the commission of other faults, which generally attend an ungovernable desire of indulgence. Maria was a good little girl in other respects, but had unfortunately given way to this propensity, till she was no longer able to restrain herself, when any thing came in her way that looked tempting. It happened, very unluckily, that she passed a pastry-cook's shop, as she went to school, where the window was filled with a great variety of tarts, cakes, and sweetmeats, arranged in the best taste. She always looked with a *longing eye at this shop*, when she had no

money in her pocket; but when her purse was full, she seldom failed to indulge herself with an assortment of buns, puffs, and preserves. One morning, as she was going by as usual, she happened to cast a look upon a small plum-cake, frosted over with sugar against twelfth-day, and decorated with a medallion of the Queen, surrounded with a wreath of leaves, made of paste of different colours. She determined at once to purchase it, and felt in her pocket for the money to pay for it; but, to her great mortification, she found her purse empty, having spent every farthing the day before in medlars and chesnuts. She proceeded to school with a slow pace, and a heavy heart: she could not forget this beautiful plum-cake, the whole morning. She contrived many schemes to gain possession of it, but none of them were without objections. One of her schoolfellows offered to lend her the sum she wanted; but she was afraid to accept her kindness, lest her mother should know it, who had charged her strictly never to borrow money. She was greatly inclined to have sold some *trinkets* that had been given to her, to som

of her companions; but on further consideration, she was deterred from this expedient likewise, by a fear of discovery. None of her tasks was performed properly, her mind having been entirely taken up with different projects during the hours of school; but as they had all failed, she had determined to give up any further thoughts of attaining this much coveted cake; or at least to content herself till a future opportunity should be more favourable to her wishes. In this prudent determination, she set out on her return home, but, no sooner had she turned her eyes again upon this seducing cake, than all her resolution forsook her, and she snatched it off the pastry-cook's window, hid it under her cloak, and walked off as fast as she could. The instant she was out of reach of detection her conscience reproached her most bitterly for what she had done. She wished that she had never seen this fatal cake, which was now become as odious to her, as it had before been desirable; she was frightened to think of the fault she had committed, and, so far from having an inclination to eat of this stolen dainty, she only thought how she could get

rid of it. Whilst suffering under these painful sensations, she met a beggar-woman, leading a pretty girl by the hand: it struck her immediately, that the best atonement she could make, both for her greediness, and taking that which belonged to another, was to give the cake, that had cost her so dear, to this hungry child, who had eaten nothing that day; so, when the woman asked charity, she replied, 'I have no money to give you, but if your little girl will accept of this cake, she is welcome to it.' The child curtsied, and received the present joyfully, for she had never regaled so deliciously before. 'What a good young lady you are! said the woman, to part with such a nice plum-cake, to a poor child! who, I assure you, is very hungry, for she has tasted nothing since last night. May Heaven reward you for your generosity.' Maria's cheeks were covered with blushes of shame; she had no power of utterance to make an answer; her rising tears almost choked her; and she slipped hastily away from the woman, who thought her too modest to listen to her own praises. Her

misconduct had destroyed her peace of mind, home was rendered miserable, and the presence of her mother insupportable. It was a half holiday, but her zest for play was lost. Though she endeavoured to disguise her uneasiness, the want of her usual vivacity could not escape the penetrating eye of her tender mother. 'How pale you look to-day, my dear! surely something ails you.' 'I have got a bad head-ache, mamma,' answered Maria, which was really true; for the anguish of her mind had made her ill. She slid out of the room, to avoid farther notice, and retired to her apartment, thinking that she should be more secure from examination; but happiness could not be regained by solitude; it was impossible to run away from herself, who was her most severe monitor. In this tormenting situation she continued for several hours, hoping to have concealed her fault from the knowledge of every one; but at length the secret became unbearable. She watched an opportunity, when her mother was alone, to communicate the whole affair to her, and, with tears and sobs, entreated *forgiveness.* 'By one vicious inclination,

you have been led into a great error, indeed, my dear,' said her mother; 'but, if you make proper reflections upon what has happened, it may prove a very fortunate circumstance in forming your future character, as it shows you, more forcibly than any observations I can make, the necessity of checking the first step towards evil; for it is impossible for us to foresee to what lengths it may lead us. But, Maria, do not mistake your giving away this stolen cake for an act of benevolence; you did not part with it, till you were afraid to keep it; besides, we have no right to give that away, even in charity, which is the property of another. You would have done better to have restored it to its owner, had you had courage to have done so; but as it is the proper reparation for your fault, however humiliating, I will go along with you, and pay the man for the cake. When he hears of your contrition, as he is a person of good sense, he will not only forgive, but esteem you, for the concern you have shown on this occasion.' 'Mamma,' said Maria, '*I submit* to your judgment; but I should

prefer living on bread and water for three days, rather than undergo this punishment.' 'Justice requires such an atonement,' replied her mother; 'the more willingly you comply, the sooner you will be restored to your own esteem.' Maria obeyed without further opposition, and was perfectly cured of her disposition to greediness by this incident.

THE SPOILED CHILDREN.

THE all-wise Creator, who has formed every thing according to the laws of the most perfect harmony, has ordained, that the helpless condition of young animals shall be guarded by the tender affection which he has implanted in the bosoms of their parents. The eider duck, which is found on the shores of the Baltic, robs her own breast of the down, to form a soft bed for her infant progeny, as a defence against the cold of the bleak north wind, which blows over mountains of ice, towards the country where she builds her nest. The birds of the tropical regions, where huge serpents abound, will

sport in the sight of this terrible adversary, to protect their nestlings from his devouring jaws, and frequently approach so near him, as to become his prey, whilst they escape in safety out of his reach.

Children are born more helpless and dependent than animals; the love of their parents is also more powerful and reasonable, than that of any other creature. The innocent countenance of the new-born babe moves its mother to compassion, and encourages her to undertake the fatiguing task of nursing it night and day; as it grows older, its smiles engage her to continue her care; in two or three years, its prattling tongue endears it still more to her maternal attention; she watches over the first openings of its mind, and uses every effort to instruct it in sentiments of virtue. But what blame do those parents incur, who, instead of applying this principle of affection, given them for the preservation and improvement of their offspring, to its proper end, pervert it into a means of rendering them insupportable to their acquaintance, and unhappy in themselves, by

pernicious indulgence? Nature has impressed the character of loveliness on youth; offensive behaviour only can convert it into disgust; for not only those who are parents, but others, are generally fond of the engaging company of children and young persons, when their manners are amiable, and their dispositions gentle. The contrary character most arises from mismanagement, as is shown by the following incident.

Mr. Evelyn, though an old bachelor, is a favourite of every young circle he meets: he has a pocket full of gingerbread for the little ones, and an enigma, or a story, for those who are older. He is never happier, than in joining in Christmas gambols; and loves, above all things, to make one at blind-man's buff, or battledoor and shuttlecock. As soon as he enters a house where there are children, they flock round his knee, impatient to receive some token of his favour. This gentleman accepted an invitation to dinner, a few weeks ago, from an old friend, with whom he had formerly been intimate, but had not visited since his marriage. As he knew that he had several children, and wish-

ed to render himself acceptable to them, he provided a few trifles, as new year's gifts, being about that season. For the eldest boy, who was turned eight years old, he bought a pretty pocket-book and a pencil; an enamelled thimble was intended for his sister, who was two years younger; and a humming top for the youngest, who still wore petticoats. Thus prepared to please others, he set out with the full expectation of being pleased in his turn; but the benevolence of his mind was wounded by a mortifying disappointment, that he had not been able to foresee.

He had no sooner rung at the bell, than Rhodolph, the eldest, whose curiosity was excited by the appearance of a stranger, ran out to the gate, with a whip in his hand, which he immediately exercised upon the hind legs of Mr. Evelyn's horse. The creature, being mettlesome, began to prance, and in a few moments would most probably have thrown his rider, or kicked the naughty boy, who stood at his heels, had not Mr. Beaumont, his father, come out just in time to prevent the mischief. This circumstance,

his entrance, disconcerted Mr. Evelyn; but he attributed the action to the inconsideration of a child, and would have forgotten it presently, had he not observed Rhodolph laugh when his father reproved him, and run away into the garden, regardless of his admonitions. He had scarcely been introduced to Mrs. Beaumont, and seated himself by the fire, when Lucretia entered the room. The gracefulness of her form, and the beauty of her countenance, attracted his admiration, whilst the disorder of her dress excited his surprise. She had on a fine muslin frock, which appeared clean in every part, except being drenched in muddy water, as high as her knees. 'Where can you have been, child,' said Mrs. Beaumont, 'to make yourself in such a condition?' 'I chose to go with Robert, the groom, into the stable-yard,' replied she, 'to gather up some stones that lay by the side of the pond. Nurse was so cross, that she forbade me to go down stairs, till you sent for me into the parlour; but I do not mind her, so I watched for an opportunity when she was busy, and *slipped away, and she* will wonder what is *become of me.*' '*Fie!*' said her mamma,

'you have behaved very improperly; you must go to nurse, and be dressed again, or you cannot appear in company.' Lucretia murmured, and was so long in obeying her mother's commands, that she prevented any conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont and their guest, before dinner, which was very soon served up.

From the specimen he had already seen of these children, Mr. Evelyn apprehended that their repast would be disturbed by their ill manners. This conjecture was but too well founded. They were both impatient to be the first served at table, but neither of them was satisfied, though they were indulged in this absurd request. They fancied that they should like some other dish better than that which had been given them; their plates were therefore changed, and they were again served according to their desire. But even this compliance was not sufficient to produce peace. Lucretia declared, that her brother's portion was larger than hers, and that she would not touch a morsel, unless her mamma would give her a piece more. This request was likewise granted; but after a few mouth-

fuls, she espied a minced pye upon the side-board, her knife and fork were laid across, she could eat no more meat, though just before she was eager to have her plate heaped equally with her brother's. Mrs. Beaumont was so much confused, that she could eat no dinner; her husband frowned with displeasure; but neither of them had resolution to send these troublesome children away.

At length the cloth was removed, and the dessert placed upon the table. As the temptation increased, so their rudeness became more intolerable: they helped themselves to apples, pears, or oranges, and chesnuts, without limitation; they quarrelled, sipped out of all the wine glasses, and were so loud and boisterous, that Mr. Evelyn did not attempt to converse. After some time, little Frederick made his appearance: this caused still greater confusion: he wanted every thing he saw, and his brother and sister would let him have nothing. Mr. Evelyn, who was a man of penetration, observed with deep concern, the disposition of these unhappy children, *whose faults he* attributed to the mistaken *fondness of their deluded* parents. He took

early leave of his friends, rejoiced to be released from such disagreeable scenes; and comparing the painful sensations of that day, with the pleasure he mostly enjoyed in the company of little boys and girls, he was convinced, that nothing but naughtiness could render their society unpleasant. He reserved his presents for three children, belonging to a widow lady, with whom he passed his evening, who were the very reverse of Rhodolph, Lucretia, and Frederic. Order, harmony, and cheerfulness, prevailed among them, and made him some amends for the disappointment of the day. Youth is the season of innocence and loveliness: let it never be forgotten, that nothing can deprive children of these endearing qualities, but ill manners and ill humour, which, like a poisoned mask, that shrivels the most graceful features, convert beauty into deformity, and render that odious, which nature designed to please.

PICTURE AND NO PICTURE.

A LOVE of reading early distinguished Ferdinand from his companions. When a very little boy, he would listen to an entertaining story, rather than join his brothers and sisters in play. As he grew older, his fondness for books increased, especially for such as contained narratives interesting to his curiosity. He would pass long winter evenings in reading Robinson Crusoe, till he longed to have made a third with him and his man Friday. Travels and voyages being filled with objects of novelty and wonder, next attracted his attention. During the hours of recreation, he read the works of those travellers who have given the best descriptions of all the known countries in the world. He acquired a store of knowledge, almost imperceptibly, that prepared him to pursue the study of history to great advantage, when he was of an age to understand it. He was conversant with the different aspects of the various climates, and could relate the customs of the Laplanders, or the Chinese, with

equal readiness. Far from being satisfied with what he knew, his appetite for further gratification grew keener, and as soon as he had finished one book, he was in search of another, that should furnish new amusement. But in the choice of his books, one thing always decided his preference, which was the number of pictures that adorned them; for he loved to see a representation of what was described, as it gave him a clearer idea of it. Whilst books and prints held the first place in his favour, his grandmamma invited him to spend Christmas-day with her. A numerous group of his cousins and acquaintance were assembled on the occasion: the day passed in all the festivity that youth, innocence, and vivacity could produce. Joy and harmony enlivened every countenance, and rejoiced the heart of the good old lady, who always shared the mirth of these harmless frolics.

When the pastimes of the day drew near to a conclusion, and the hour of separation approached, the young party were summoned into the dining-room, to partake of an enter-

tainment, prepared for their refreshment before their departure. They were much surprised, at their entrance, to observe two tables set out, one of which was covered with a light supper, decorated with artificial flowers, sweetmeats, and devices in pastry. Upon the other were arranged, in lots, work-bags, pencils, silver-pens, and trinkets, occasionally intermixed with a few books, neatly bound. The benevolent Mrs. Lawrence, addressing her happy guests, said: 'I request your attention to the collection you will find upon the table on the left hand, before you take your seats for supper. Your different tastes have been consulted, in the selection of my presents. Let the young ladies take the first choice, and the rest follow according to seniority.' When it came to Ferdinand's turn, two books were presented to him for preference: he opened them hastily, and perceiving that one of them had an elegant frontispiece, and that the other had no pictures, he decided in favour of the former, without further examination of their contents. The time of his return home so far exceeded that *of the usual hour of* retirement to bed, that

he had no opportunity of looking into his book that night; but, as he remembered the figure of a lady, observing the stars through a telescope, he had no doubt that it referred to some story, from which he should derive great entertainment. As soon as the break of day peeped through his window-shutters, he rose, impatient to indulge his curiosity of knowing what this book contained, and particularly eager to amuse himself with the history of the studious lady, who was so attentively occupied in the contemplation of the heavens. He dressed himself hastily, and sat down by the parlour fire, before the rest of the family were awake, and began to turn over the leaves; but, to his extreme disappointment, discovered that, instead of agreeable narratives, the volume consisted of a treatise on astronomy, a science which he did not understand; and that the female figure that had won his admiration, represented Philosophy, discovering the order of the planets by the assistance of a telescope. The mortification he felt at the choice he had made, determined him to enquire of his com-

sin George, who had the book he left, whether that was equally unintelligible and uninteresting; but what were his astonishment and vexation, when George told him, that, though he had no picture, he possessed the pleasing story of Harry Sandford and Tommy Merton. Tears were ready to start from his eyes, till his mother consoled him, by assuring him that, notwithstanding he was deprived of present entertainment, by suffering himself to be seduced by the appearance of a pretty picture, he would have no reason to repent of the choice he had made, as, when he was sufficiently improved to learn the use of the globes, the contents of his book would afford him more solid pleasure and instruction, than the most amusing tale that ever was invented.

By degrees, his disappointment was forgotten; but the circumstance reminded him ever after, to value a book according to its own merit, rather than for its embellishments of plates, or binding. This rule preserved him from making a false judgment in future; for he often found that real excellence lies *concealed under a plain* cover.

THE HOLIDAYS.

MRS. SPARKS had a large family: during the time of their vacations, when they were assembled at home, she delighted to make it a season of pleasure and harmony, by various schemes of innocent amusement; but, as she knew that a mixture of work and play was conducive to preserve order, and maintain their advancement in learning, she accustomed them to apply an hour or two every morning to something useful. At the commencement of one of these lessons, it happened, that Edward Massey, the son of a neighbouring gentleman, called to invite Emilius to walk out with him, just as he had began to translate a story into French. Though this boy was so much his inferior in age, that, at any other time, he would have disdained to have considered him as a companion; and the proposal of a walk being merely accidental, there was no motive to make it particularly desirable; yet, this trifling circumstance was sufficient to unsettle

him from further application, or submission to his mother's orders. Upon her refusal, he pouted, rebelled, and presumed to argue upon the propriety of being required to write exercises during the holidays. He pleaded, in favour of his opinion, that none of his schoolfellows were under any such restraint, and that, therefore, it was unreasonable that he should be obliged to submit to it. Mrs. Sparks insisted upon his declining the invitation, and when Edward Massey was gone, condescended to reply to his arguments, and to point out the advantages of a small interval from incessant play, which always produces weariness, and frequently discontent; she concluded by remarking, that her experience enabled her to decide what was best for her children, and that she was not to be guided by the conduct of others, but by the direction of her own judgment. From yielding to the first impression of vexation, at being contradicted, he had worked himself up into such a fit of passion, as to forget the duty he owed his kind mother, and the obligation of showing a good example to his

younger brothers, and gave vent to his anger in insolent expressions.

The ill effects of his misconduct became visible in every one of the company, who were seated at the table; their business was at a stand, and each little heart was ready to join in the rebellion. Mrs. Sparks immediately perceived the necessity of separation, lest, instead of being compelled to the unpleasant obligation of punishing one, she should have occasion to extend her displeasure to the whole group. She therefore ordered him to leave the room, and retire to solitary confinement, till he recovered the use of his reason, and became sensible that his behaviour had been undutiful, as well as unreasonable. His absence restored order amongst the rest, whom he had nearly betrayed into a similiar error: they returned to their duty, and performed their several tasks cheerfully. When the lessons were finished, Mrs Sparks, in order to show that she knew how to reward diligence, as well as to correct disobedience, prepared herself to accompany the young party to take a walk. The morning was fine, and favoured

their excursion. She chose that direction which she thought would be most agreeable to her companions; and to mark the distinction more obviously, between those who had deserved approbation, and those who had forfeited it, she contrived to lead them by the house of a confectioner, where she treated them with cakes. One of the little boys began to wrap up part of his share in a paper, with design to reserve it for his brother. As soon as she perceived it, she told him, that she approved his affection and generosity highly, yet, that in this instance, she must prevent the accomplishment of his amiable intention; for as Emilius was suffering under her displeasure, she could not allow him to receive such an indulgence. 'Mamma,' replied the little one, 'I hope he will soon be good; may not I lay it by till he has asked your forgiveness, and we are all happy again?' 'Your request shows so sweet a disposition, that I cannot refuse it, on these conditions; but you must observe to keep the matter a secret, till he is restored to my favour.' The kind-hearted little fellow *put the cake into his* pocket; and they hav-

ing eaten as many sweet things as their mother thought proper for them, proceeded towards home. Emilius remained in his chamber till dinner time, when he desired one of the servants to enquire whether he might come down into the parlour. This petition was granted, but as he had made no concessions, she treated him with extreme coolness, and avoided speaking to him more than was absolutely necessary. So great was his perverseness, that he endeavoured to appear unconcerned, though he was too uneasy to eat his dinner with his usual appetite. He was incapable of enjoyment the whole afternoon: neither reading nor play could amuse him. He took up a book, that he might appear to be employed, but he forgot the beginning of the story, before he reached the end of it: for all his thoughts were engaged upon the means of reconciliation. He wished most ardently to receive his mother's pardon, and be reinstated in her esteem; but his pride still swelled too high for the submission necessary to obtain either. Evening came, and he remainded obdurate, though inwardly broken *hearted*, at the idea of passing the night without

making his peace; for though he had suffered himself to be overcome by passion and pride, he was not void of the most lively affection for his mother, which he manifested on many occasions. He had now gone so far in the path of error, that he scarcely felt a power of doing right, and wanted resolution to confess his sorrow for his past conduct. Mrs. Sparks observed the struggle between obstinacy and a desire of returning to his duty; but she thought it the most prudent to leave him a little longer to his own reflections.

The hour of rest drew near; one brother went to bed after another, till Emilius remained alone. At length Mrs. Sparks broke silence. 'It is with extreme concern,' said she, 'that I have remarked your reluctance to acknowledge yourself in an error, though your repentance has been visible, notwithstanding your endeavours to conceal it: your countenance, your rising tears, and faultering voice betray you every moment. I need not enlarge upon the impropriety of your *behaviour* in the morning, as I know you *are fully sensible of it*; but your persever-

ance, in deferring to confess it, surprises me; as it does not only bear the mark of disrespect, but also a want of that affection, which, amidst all your imperfections, I always believed you to possess.'—At these words, his tears flowed fast, he embraced his mother, and owned freely both his fault, and his contrition for it; assuring her, that the severest punishment he had undergone, was the accusation of having acted as if he did not love her. His future conduct, he said, should convince her, that as he was first in age, he was likewise so in obedience and tender affection. He kept his word: the remainder of the holidays passed without an intentional fault. Peace, good order, and cheerfulness were restored, and when the day of separation arrived, a general regret was felt by all parties.

THE CONFESSION.

MR. and Mrs. Godwyn, upon mature reflection, adopted the plan of a private education for their children. Their house being large and commodious, favoured their design.

The little girls were placed under the care of a very discreet governess, and had a pleasant school-room, furnished suitably for them. The study, appointed for the use of their brothers, was in the opposite wing, and they had also the advantage of being taught by an assiduous preceptor. The attention that was due to the little ones who were still inhabitants of the nursery, and various other occupations, engrossed so much of Mrs. Godwyn's time, that she was obliged to resign the instruction of her elder children wholly to those persons whom she had engaged for the office; but as she was tenderly attached to every one of her children, she made it a daily practice to visit both school-rooms, and enquire into the behaviour of the scholars. Amongst so many different dispositions it was likely that she should sometimes meet with complaints, which gave her concern; but it was more often that she had good reason to be satisfied with the diligence and orderly conduct of her children. The desire of obtaining her approbation on these occasions, frequently stimulated them to extraordinary efforts, in order to deserve it. As

soon as she appeared, it was not very difficult to discern those who had behaved well, from those who had committed any fault: the meritorious met her eye with pleasure, and a sort of conscious claim to her favour; whilst the delinquents drew back, and, by their downcast countenances, avowed their guilt. The account she received, one evening, from Mr. Willerby, the tutor, of the behaviour of Marcellus, was so pleasing, that she determined to distinguish him from his brothers, who had been rather idle, by a reward. When she had finished the examination of the rest, she withdrew, and desired Marcellus would follow her into the parlour. The summons was obeyed with cheerfulness. His father happened to be there, and enquired the reason of his coming without his brothers. 'Because,' said Mrs. Godwyn, 'he has behaved better than any of them. He has repeated his lessons correctly; has been obedient to Mr. Willerby; and, as far as I can discover, has not committed a single error today; therefore I have given him leave to spend an hour with me, and intend to present *him with* one of those pretty books I bought

when I was last in London; but as I know I can rely upon his word, and that it is possible I may have been deceived by appearances, before I part with my book, I appeal to him, to say whether he remembers to have done any thing amiss since morning.' The eyes of Marcellus were cast down upon the ground, his chubby cheeks covered with blushes, and he knew not how to speak. At last, with some difficulty, he stammered out this innocent confession: 'Indeed, I have not been quite so good as you think I have; I spoke unkindly to my brother Philip, and snatched the humming-top out of his hand, when we were at play together in the garden.' 'It is certainly a fault,' replied Mr. Godwyn, 'to treat your brothers with unkindness; but as you seem to be conscious of the impropriety of it, and might have concealed it, I request your mamma to overlook it, and reward your sincerity with the book. I shall confide in you, on future occasions, as I find you are a person of your word.' The little boy's confusion was presently turned into joy. The circumstance became known *through the family*, and established the cha-

racter of Marcellus. When any dispute arose, his testimony was required, though only seven years old, because no one had occasion ever to doubt the truth of his assertions.

CLARISSA.

CLARISSA was a lively, active, restless child, and under very little restraint, having been brought up principally among the servants, who were either harsh in their treatment towards her, or absurdly indulgent. Amongst many foolish habits which she had contracted, that of meddling with every thing within her reach was one which often led her into mischief, and sometimes brought its own punishment in its consequences; as it happened one morning, after Robert, the footman, had been trimming the lamps. Being called away before he had completed the job, he left some of the oil, carelessly, in a pint bottle, upon the table in the pantry, where he kept the glasses and other things

belonging to his office. Clarissa, always curious to look into places with which she had no concern, finding the door open, put her head in, and observing the bottle without a cork, standing by a saucer, that had something in it, which looked clear, she supposed it to be syrup, and determined to have a taste. In she went, and thinking that it would not be so easily missed out of the bottle as the saucer, put the former to her mouth. Just as she had raised it up, in order to get at the liquor with more readiness, she heard a footstep in the passage, which induced her to take a large gulp, lest it should be Robert, whose coming would deprive her of that which she expected to be so great a treat. The haste with which she swallowed it, caused her to take a much larger quantity of it than she liked; but it was not in her power to stop such a heavy, greasy liquor, as oil, in a moment. The taste was so nauseous, that she was in a greater hurry to disengage the bottle from her mouth, than she had been to place it *there. Loathing* to swallow any thing so *disagreable, she* involuntarily suffered the oil

to run out at each corner of her mouth, which greased her clothes from head to foot. In this condition she was obliged to go into the kitchen and tell the cook what she had done, and entreat that she would give her a little water to drink, and wipe her hands and face. The servants were extremely displeased with her, on account of the trouble she had occasioned; her frock wanting to be washed, and the pantry to be scoured. She was obliged to bear their ill-humour patiently, as she knew she had deserved it, and had no person whom she could interest in her behalf, her mamma being from home. Besides this grievance, she had to endure the painful sensation of sickness, without complaining; for nobody had any pity for her. As very little pains had been taken to correct her defects, it was not astonishing, that she was frequently guilty of errors; but it was always fortunate for her, when the faults she committed were attended with such consequences, as had the same effect as necessary admonition would have produced, had she enjoyed the benefit of a guarded education. Nature had endowed her with a good understanding, which

enabled her to make proper reflections, whenever she gave herself time to think. Whilst she was sick, unpitied, and out of favour with her maid, she had sufficient opportunity to sit still, and consider the folly of being lickerish and meddlesome. She took a resolution of avoiding the kitchen and pantry, and confining herself to those apartments which were appointed for her.—Idleness, and want of suitable employment, were probably the principal causes of her propensity to do mischief. The natural activity of children, impels them to be always busy; and those who neither love reading nor working, nor amuse themselves in harmless play, but loiter about, without fixing their attention upon any particular object, are continually in danger of doing something which they ought not to do.—If we observe the various species of animals, we may learn a useful lesson from them; as we shall find that they are occupied from day to day, either in providing food for themselves, in resisting or eluding the attacks of their enemies, or in the preservation of their young, *according to their* several instincts. The *beavers, in North* America, assemble, and

labour with wonderful perseverance and ingenuity, in building houses, connected with one another in such a manner as may be compared to a small town. With their sharp and strong teeth they cut down slender trees, and divide them into lengths, adapted to the partitions; with their broad, flat tails, they temper clay with water, to fill up the vacancies between these pieces of wood. But so small an animal (for it is not larger than a dog) could never succeed in such tedious operations, by any other means, than repeated attempts, and unwearied industry.

The Ant and the Bee have been so often brought as beautiful examples of provident care and diligence, that some other instance, less known, may strike more forcibly from its novelty. The Mole-Cricket is an insect, not much exceeding two inches in length: its appearance, on the first view, is rather disgusting than inviting; but, on nearer inspection, the curious agreement of its form with its habits, compensates for its want of beauty. The body is scaly, and furnished with two long, pointed wings, and the same number of tails covered with hair: the fore-feet are strong and webbed, and have some

resemblance in shape to the human hand; with these the creature delves his way through the dark earth, in search of the roots of those vegetables that are his food, and will make a surprising progress in the space of a night. In the summer season, he digs out a neat habitation, about the size of a hen's egg, the entrance of which is guarded from the approach of an adversary, by many intricate passages. In this receptacle, the female lays her eggs; but, as the winter advances, this tiny builder feels a necessity of forming a a new dwelling, at a greater depth below the surface of the earth, to secure his tender family from the injury of frost. The mole-cricket inhabits two elements, the earth and the air. He is known to fly, at night, to a considerable distance, for the sake of procuring a repast from some favourite plant; and when satiated with his feast, to return to his subterraneous cavern, where he lies concealed during the day.

Without industry to form dwellings as a defence against the seasons, the race of beavers and mole-crickets must perish: the same *observation extends to* other tribes of living

creatures. The human species can neither be good nor happy, without a disposition to employment: children then, should be habituated early, to be always busy in innocent amusement, or useful application. The child who wastes hour after hour in idleness, may be compared to the tamed magpie, who does mischief continually, from being placed in a situation, that prevents him from occupying himself with those objects, which nature has appointed as his proper business.

THE INNOCENT PENITENT.

THE innocent prattle, and pleasing vivacity of Bernard, a little boy of five years old, rendered him so engaging, that he became a general plaything and entertainment to the numerous guests who visited familiarly at his father's house.

It seldom happens that a mixture with strangers is advantageous to children. Persons not interested in their improvement, are apt to treat them improperly; they endeavour to amuse them, without any further

consideration as to the effects of what they say to them. This was often the case at Hawthorn Hall: many things were given to Bernard that were not good for him; and frequently he was led into error, from an injudicious mode of jesting with him.

His affectionate disposition attached him exceedingly to those who took notice of him. Honoria, a lady who passed a great deal of time in the family, was particularly fond of him, and, in return, he loved her as tenderly as if she had been his mother. The embarrassment he showed, upon being laughed at for his attachment to her, delighted the gentlemen; and it was a constant source of amusement to them, to tease him upon this subject. They carried it so far one afternoon, as to draw from him a declaration, that he did not love her in the least; but the words had no sooner passed his lips, than he ran out of the room, and searched for her all over the house. Not meeting with her, he proceeded to the garden, and perceiving that she was sitting alone in an alcove, he went to her immediately, relieving his full *heart at the same time* by a flood of tears.

'What has befallen my sweet boy?' said Honoria.

'I am not hurt,' replied the child, 'but people will ask me foolish questions, and I have been so very naughty as to say, that I do not love you, though there is nobody in the world that I love better. Tell me what I can do to be forgiven for this sad falsehood; for you know you have taught me that God Almighty hears and sees every thing we do; and that no action a little boy can commit, offends him more than a lie. I am afraid I have made him angry, but they teased me so much, I spoke without thinking of what I said.'

'My dear Bernard,' said Honoria, 'I am pleased with your open confession; but you have certainly been tempted to speak very unguardedly. As you did not do it by design, and are sincerely sorry for it, I hope that Gracious Being, who loves the repentance of children, when they have done amiss, will forgive your inadvertence. Retire with me, where we shall not be interrupted, and on your knees humbly ask for his pardon, which he never denies to repentant sinners.'

After having done as she directed him, he remained quietly with her, for some time; during which she gave him serious advice upon the importance of speaking with caution; a habit tending to the observation of truth, without which there can be no enjoyment of mind. After a while, he appeared to have regained his serenity, and amused himself, with his accustomed glee, in his usual diversions.

THE PURSE.

LÆTITIA was an only daughter, extremely beloved by her mother. She was brought up with great tenderness and indulgence; but such was the sweetness of her disposition, and the excellence of her understanding, that she was not perverted by this fondness. She applied with such assiduity to her lessons, that she excelled in most things she was taught; but that merit was the smallest part of her praise: her dutiful affection to her mother appeared in every action; her gentle- endeared her to her brothers; and her for-

bearance, when any little altercation arose between them, was so remarkable, that she was seldom known to persist in her own opinion, but generally yielded her inclination to theirs. The same mild temper extended itself towards the servants, who were always ready to oblige her on every occasion.

With these good qualities, Lætitia was a sufferer from want of full health, which checked the vivacity of her character, and produced a degree of langour, bordering upon inactivity. One of the effects of this delicacy of constitution, was a reluctance to leave her bed of a morning: she was frequently called many times before she had resolution to rise. Her mother had taken considerable pains to correct this defect, regarding it as a means of increasing her ill-health, and productive of loss of time and of irregularity; she was therefore much pleased, as well as rather surprised, to observe a sudden improvement in this respect, during a whole month, especially as it was early in the spring, and the mornings were still cold and uninviting. There was one circumstance

that attended this alteration, which particularly excited her curiosity: she knew that Lætitia gained an hour, at least, every day, but she could not discover in what she passed this additional time: her lessons and exercises were performed as usual, but there was no augmentation in any of them.

Being secretly rejoiced, in the hope that the change that had taken place would continue till it became a habit, she was fearful of interfering, by enquiring very closely concerning the application of the time; and trusted to the prudence of a young person, who superintended her daughter's education, that it was employed to some useful purpose, though she was not acquainted with the particular object of it.

In a little while the mystery was unravelled by Lætitia herself: she came into her mother's dressing-room one morning, with a countenance animated with pleasure, and something in her hand, nicely wrapped up in lawn paper. 'My dear mamma,' said she, 'I am come to request your acceptance of a purse, that I have been netting for you;' *and opening the paper,* offered an elegant

purse, netted in the neatest manner, and adorned with silver tassels, to her mother. 'My dear, I am charmed with the present,' replied Mrs. Avoine; 'but how could you find opportunity to perform so tedious a piece of work without my observation?' 'My secret is discovered,' said Lætitia, 'you have remarked my early rising of late, and you might perceive my unwillingness to tell you what engaged my time till breakfast. I wished to surprise you, and therefore concealed my work till I had completed it.'

Whilst she was speaking, Miss Oliver, her governess, came in, and said: 'Give me leave, Madam, to express my approbation of Lætitia's conduct on this occasion: so eager has she been to accomplish this token of her affection for you, that she has risen every morning, since it was begun, at seven o'clock, without once requiring to be called a second time; she has worked with the utmost diligence, as is obvious from the brightness of the silks, which do not seem to have been touched with her fingers. The materials she has purchased with her pocket-money, which

she has laid up these two months for that purpose.'—

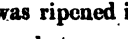
'My amiable child,' said her mother, 'let me embrace you: you deserve my tenderest affection. Indeed, I know not what other recompence to bestow upon you, worthy of your generous heart. But let me point out to your observation, the advantage you have gained of adhering to your resolution of rising at an appointed hour: in the space of a few weeks, you have stolen from drowsiness as much time as was necessary to produce this pretty purse; in a year, how many useful things you may effect, by a continuance of the same practice. Apply the rule to your whole life, and years may be rescued from a state that resembles non-existence, and lengthen out the term of usefulness and enjoyment.'

Lætitia profited by her mother's remarks, and endeavoured to guard against relapsing into her former indolence.

Mrs. Avoine was reluctant to hurt her feelings, by recompensing her industry, ingenuity, and dutiful behaviour, by a *gift, just at that time,* lest she should consider *it in the light* of a return for the

purse; but it was not long before she took her to a print-shop, and presented her with a book of beautiful copies for drawing, executed by one of the most eminent artists.

The purse was only used on extraordinary occasions, being reserved as a memorial of her tender attachment to her mother. The same dispositions increased as she advanced to maturity; and as she grew up, the bond of filial affection was ripened into a lasting and equal friendship, between her and her mother, which neither time nor absence could ever diminish.



THE EASTER PROCESSION.

IT was on an Easter Monday, that Adelaide and her brothers were preparing to go a friend's house in Cheapside, to see the procession of the Blue-coat children, belonging to Christ's-church Hospital, pass to the Mansion-house. The pleasure they expected to derive from this spectacle, had occupied their thoughts for several days.

Upon hearing the bells ring merrily, they became extremely impatient to set out, lest they should be too late for the show, and every one of them was eager to be equipped as soon as possible: one snatched up a hat, another a spencer, and began to put them on. Adelaide alone sat still, though she was in as great a hurry as any of them; and, that she might not be behind the rest, commanded the maid, in a very imperious tone of voice, to bring her bonnet and cloak immediately.

Mrs. Cooper happened to be in the next room, and overheard not only the words, but the manner in which her daughter spoke. She reproved her for it, and desired she would either ask properly for what she wanted, or take the trouble of fetching them herself. Adelaide repeated her order, but in an accent that by no means satisfied her mother.

'Since you do not choose to speak civilly to Ann,' said Mrs. Cooper, 'I insist that you wait upon yourself, and forbid her to bring your things.'

The spirit of rebellion rose quickly in *Adelaide's heart:* she hesitated a few minutes, *as if she were debating* within herself, whe-

ther she should comply or not. At length Mrs. Cooper, with great firmness and composure, made the following declaration:

'I shall not detain your brothers much longer, on account of your obstinacy. If you do not leave your seat, and fetch your things directly, I shall send them away without you; and you know very well, that if I once form a resolution, it will not be in your power to change it.'

Adelaide rose, and walked slowly to the closet where her bonnet and cloak were kept. She said she could not find them, and called Ann to look for them; but Mrs. Cooper would not suffer her to come. 'You ought to know,' said she, 'better than Ann, where your things are; therefore, make no further excuses, but open the hat-box and take them out.' Adelaide still kept calling for the maid, without seeking for her things, as if she intended to succeed in finding them, till Mrs. Cooper's patience was quite exhausted. At last she said, 'My dear boys, the servant is below, ready to attend you; as for your sister, she stays at home to-day.

I hope she will behave better next year, that she may then make one of your party.'

At that moment, the bells struck up with fresh glee, and the bustle of the street announced that the procession was at hand. Adelaide now began to relent; but it was too late: her mother's word had passed, and nothing ever induced her to break it.

Her tears began to fall apace, and she entreated forgiveness, with many promises of future good behaviour. Her brothers joined in the petition, that their mother would for once recal the appointed punishment, as poor Adelaide must wait a whole year, before she could see the same sight: but all was unavailing. Mrs. Cooper perceived the necessity of refusing to yield to their importunity, though it was with reluctance that she maintained her ground.

Alfred and Charles were obliged to go without their sister: whilst they were absent, she lamented her folly and disobedience; she sobbed, and cried, and complained. Her mother took but little notice of her, till her grief was moderated; for, when Adelaide found that the matter was absolutely hope-

less, her tears began to abate, and she grew more patient and reasonable.

Mrs. Cooper took the advantage of this opportunity of expostulating with her on her misbehaviour, and the reparation she ought to make for it. 'My dear child,' said she, 'I have suffered more than you on this occasion. To punish you, is a task that nothing but a sense of duty could impose upon me; but if I do not correct your errors, I shall be answerable for the defects of your character, when you are grown up. You have shown a disposition to indolence, pride, and obstinacy, in your conduct. In the first instance, you were wrong in asking any person to wait upon you: you are in health, and enjoy the perfect use of your limbs, and therefore have no reasonable claim to the attendance of others. Adopt this maxim in all your concerns: Never ask another to do that for you, which you can do for yourself; but when you condescend to desire the assistance of others, you should take care to make the request with civilty and gentleness. It is not because you are born of more *wealthy* parents, that you have a right to

command the services of others: whatever is done for you is a favour, and calls for your gratitude and humility. Your perseverance in speaking haughtily, and refusing obedience to me, marks a stubbornness that gives me great concern, and I hope this will be the last instance I shall ever see of it; as a continuance of such conduct must diminish my esteem, if not my affection for you.'

Adelaide acknowledged the justness of her mother's reproof, and promised amendment. She fulfilled her engagement, though it cost her great attention, and sincere endeavours to subdue her propensity to disobedience, when her inclination was opposed: but however difficult the contest may be with our own passions, success is certain, if we truly desire to reform.

By that day twelve-month her habits were entirely changed, and she found the benefit of the alteration. All the family were desirous of pleasing her, and each one strove to be the first to oblige her. The children received a fresh invitation to see the procession: *Adelaide accompanied her brothers without any interruption*, and in the midst

of her enjoyment, she could not help drawing a comparison between her feelings on that day and the former one, which had been rendered miserable by her misconduct.

THE CAUTIOUS MOTHER.

THERE are few books so pure in sentiment and expression as to be completely unexceptionable. Even many of the publications that have been written expressly for youth, are defaced by exclamations, inconsistent with that simplicity which is the chief ornament of an unperverted mind. Mrs. Dennis was so particular with respect to the books she admitted among her children, that it was her constant practice to examine the most childish story-book, before she permitted them to read it; and as she considered instruction as the chief object in reading, she never scrupled to sacrifice the beauty of a new purchase, by freely cutting out as many leaves as contained passages likely to give them false ideas, or to corrupt their innocence: so very exact was she in her correc-

tions, that not an objectionable sentence escaped. Thus there were but few books in the library of her school-room, that did not bear the marks of her hand. The children, believing their mamma to be wiser than any person whatever, and being assured also that her love for them induced her to take this trouble, showed no desire to see those parts which she had effaced. In time they became so accustomed to her alterations, that they omitted the words through which she had drawn a line, as a thing in course. Her solicitude to bring them up in the strictest principles of virtue, made her likewise very watchful on some other points, which too often are but little considered. The sacred name of the Deity, they never were suffered to pronounce, but in the most reverential and serious manner, making a solemn pause when it occurred, even in the Holy Scriptures; but, if it was ever introduced in other books, by way of exclamation, they passed it over, and mostly marked it, as a word not to be repeated.

This careful parent undertook the early *education of her children* herself, hoping to

preserve them more effectually from the influence of ill-exaple, by implanting in their tender minds, just sentiments of duty, and confirming them in moral habits. But, at about seven years of age, she was obliged to relinquish Theodosius, her eldest boy, to the care of a gentleman, who was engaged in the education of a few scholars, not thinking herself qualified to proceed with the instruction he began to require. The child was much pleased with his new situation, and thought it manly to associate with boys older than himself, which reconciled him to leaving his mamma and his sisters; being a stranger, his school-fellows were earnest to amuse him, and even the great boys condescended to play with him, with amiable good-nature; remembering how much they stood in need of such kind offices, when they first came to school. The day of his arrival passed so pleasantly, that he began to think, that he should be quite as happy with Mr. Perrin, as he had been at home. The next morning he entered regularly into the order of the school, and in his turn was called up to read.

As his mother, ever attentive to his improvement, had bestowed great pains in this branch of his education, he read better than most children of his age: his pronunciation was clear and distinct, he observed the stops, and was free from either a hesitation, or drawling tone of voice, so common to young readers. Mr. Perrin, not supposing him to be so well qualified, gave him a spelling-book, by way of trial; but he presently found that he was capable of reading something of a superior kind: upon which he took another book from the shelf, and, making an apology for having offered him a lesson so much beneath his powers, desired him to read a speech in one of Madam Genlis' Dramas. The little boy began in a manner that convinced Mr. Perrin, that the utmost diligence and judgment had been exerted, to prepare him for his future progress in more difficult studies. After advancing to the middle of the page, he suddenly stopped, and looking up with great innocency at Mr. Perrin, said, 'Pray, Sir, where is your pencil?' 'What occasion can you have for a pencil, my dear, whilst *you are engaged in* your lesson?' 'Do you

not see, Sir,' said the little boy, 'that there is the awful name, which I dare not repeat; and my mamma used always to draw a line through those words which she did not chuse we should say?' Mr. Perrin apprehended his meaning in a moment, and complied with his request. The custom pleased him so well, that he adopted it ever after in those books which he appointed for the use of his scholars.

After the word had been marked, Theodosius proceeded without further interruption, and when he had finished, received the praises of his master, not for the excellence of his reading only, which was uncommon; but also for his attention to the precepts of his mother, when he was separated from her. 'My dear,' said he, 'if you continue to observe the virtuous principles, which have been carefully taught you, you will become both a good and a happy man. Suffer neither the ill examples of your companions, nor the false ridicule of those who have been brought up more negligently, to deprive you of the advantages of your mother's maxims.

but let them serve you as a rule of conduct upon all occasions. No other return you can make will be so acceptable to her.' This tender exhortation excited a glistening tear in the eye of Theodosius, and his looks were more expressive of his intention to observe the admonitions of his mother, than his words, for his heart was too full to speak. He felt at that moment an inexpressible regret at being parted from her; but he received great consolation from determining within himself to do every thing that he thought would be agreeable to her, were it possible for her to overlook his conduct.

The consequence of this resolution was, that he became the best boy in the school, and the secret favourite of his master. His improvement in knowledge and goodness repaid his mother for all the care she had taken of him; and his gratitude and attention were the comfort of her declining age.

THE BARGAIN.

A FROLICSOME kitten was given, by a neighbour, to little George: the entertaining tricks of this active animal corresponded exactly with the disposition of her master, who loved play and drollery beyond any thing.

Being so well suited, they sported together all the day long, and it would be difficult to say, which of the two was the best pleased. Sometimes she would pretend to run away, whilst he pursued her; at another time she would stand still, as if waiting to be caught, and when his hand was just upon her, would bound to a distance with the most dexterous agility.

Puss never looked more graceful than when she was playing with an ivory ball, which he delighted to roll before her. She would curl up her tail, set her ears, and spring forwards to catch it; but always in vain, for it was too smooth and slippery for her to lay hold of. When they were tired

of this amusement, he would hold his hands for her to jump over, till by practice she attained the capacity of leaping a surprising height.

Whilst he ate his breakfast or supper, she would sit purring by his side, in patient expectation of sharing his repast.

For a long time George and his kitten lived in close friendship; but, in one unfortunate scuffle, she forgot the respect that was due to her master, and gave him a violent scratch on the cheek. The smart put him out of humour; and, being extremely hungry, he offered to sell her to his brother, for a tempting hot-cross bun, which he happened to have at that moment in his hand. The bargain was struck immediately: George took the bun, and his brother, poor puss.

When his appetite was satisfied, he began to be at a loss for his companion, especially as the pain had abated, and his resentment was forgotten. 'Bartlett,' said he, 'you must give me my kitten back again: you know she belongs to me.' 'I know she did *belong* to you, before you sold her to me,' *said Bartlett,* who was two or three years

elder than George; 'but now she is mine. My bun was the price you asked for her, and I gave it to you in exchange for her; but since you have eaten the bun, you are so unreasonable as to wish to deprive me of the cat. You are mistaken, I will not give her up.' George tried to seize her, but he was no match for his brother. As he could neither persuade Bartlett to yield the subject of dispute, nor compel him to do so, he began to cry bitterly, hoping that he should bring somebody to his assistance. His mother hearing the noise, and supposing that there was a quarrel, entered the room, and enquired what was the subject of their disagreement. Upon hearing the case fairly stated, she gave judgment in favour of Bartlett, though she was very sorry for George's folly in parting with a creature, to which he was so much attached, for such a trifling consideration. As soon as she could pacify him, she endeavoured to explain the meaning of a contract or bargain. 'The bread and meat,' said she, 'that we daily consume, I buy of the baker and the butcher. I give the one a certain price for a loaf, and the

did not know how to express the joy he felt at having her restored. The conversation fell upon the nature of cats, which their mamma took that opportunity of explaining.

She remarked, that the Lion, the Tiger, and the Leopard, are of the same genus; by which is meant, that they resemble each other in many particulars, as to their form and habits; that, though the diminutive size of the cat prevents her from being a formidable animal, yet, by nature, she is fierce; and notwithstanding she lives so familiarly with man, scarcely ever loses her ferocious disposition, if provoked. Small birds, rats, and mice, are her prey: her address in catching them is admirable. Her eyes are so constructed, that she can see with scarcely any light, which enables her to discover the animals upon which she lives, in dark corners and holes, where they lurk. Her claws answer two purposes; assisting her to climb trees in quest of birds, and to hold the poor victims, whilst she devours them: but when she chooses to be harmless to those who *fondle her, she* has the power of drawing *them in, and sheathing* them, as it were,

within her toes. Her tongue is rough, like a file, and is very serviceable, on that account, to dress and comb her coat, to which she is very attentive, licking and smoothing herself with the greatest nicety. It is supposed that she is directed to her prey by the sense of smelling, as well as by sight, and that her whiskers contribute to this end. Her tail serves to balance her when she climbs, and adds greatly to her capacity of leaping from one place to another. Her thick coat of fur defends her against the cold. In colour she varies, as your own observation may convince you. She has a pleasing figure, and excels most animals in the elegance of her attitudes. Every part of her seems formed consistently with her pursuits and disposition, which teaches us to admire the wisdom and goodness of that Almighty Being, who has created all creatures to be happy, according to the different natures which he has bestowed upon them.

Thus we see that the cat subsists upon animals as wild as herself; she is therefore active, watchful, cunning, and fierce. Were she otherwise, she could not exist, as, with-

out every one of these qualities, she would be unable to obtain food enough for her support.

THE RECONCILIATION.

LAURA was the eldest daughter of a very large family. She had a good understanding and an affectionate heart, though she was too apt to show a warmth of temper, which led her into faults that were often the subject of repentance. Little disputes would occasionally arise, between her and her brothers and sisters, in which she commonly exerted the power that her seniority gave her; yet, so generous was her disposition, that whenever they were oppressed by others, or were hurt, or indisposed, or under disgrace, she forgot all resentment, and would give up any thing she possessed to please them.

As her brother Henry and she were at play, one fine spring morning, in the pleasure-grounds, they fell out about the division of a piece of the flower-garden which the gardener had given them to cultivate.

The plot that had been allotted them, not being of a regular form, it was difficult to divide it into two equal parts, and they could not agree upon a method of laying it out in partnership. Henry wished to plant a few currant and gooseberry trees, and to border it with strawberries; which he thought would produce fruit in the summer, and afford them a treat, that might be partaken by their companions. But the reflection of the sun gave such a brilliant hue to the snowdrops and crocusses, which had just begun to peep above the ground, that Laura would listen to no proposal, but filling it with flowers. Both of them were positive in their own opinion: after many altercations, which brought them no nearer to a conclusion, they grew tired of wrangling, and leaving the matter to be decided at a future opportunity, separated. Laura went into the house, to play with her doll, and Henry ran towards the gardener, who was at work just by. Thomas, without knowing what had passed, enquired to know whether he had any roots or seeds to put into the garden,

and offered to supply him with whatever he chose to have. 'There is nothing,' replied Henry, 'that I should like so well as strawberry plants and currant trees; but my sister will always have her own way, and she will not let me put any thing into the ground but flowers.' The gardener, desirous of pleasing Henry, who was his favourite, and not troubling himself to endeavour to promote love and peace between them, said, 'Miss Laura is gone in, and if you choose to have fruit, and she prefers flowers, there is room enough for both. I am at leisure now, and will help you to put in some nice cuttings, that I have ready for use in the green-house.' The temptation was too strong to be resisted. He forgot that he was not the sole possessor of the ground, and had no right to do any thing with it, without the concurrence of his sister. The little garden was presently stocked, according to his inclination, by the assistance of Thomas, and in a short time after he was called to take a walk with his father. Whilst he was absent, Laura was again permitted to play out of doors: she directed her steps, without be-

sitation, to the spot which, in her imagination, she already saw decorated with hyacinths, the many-coloured anemonies, roses, jonquils, and sweet-scented peas; but when she found it already occupied with what she had determined should never grow in it, she lost her patience, and without waiting for her brother's return, tore up every one of the young trees he had fixed with so much care. Nothing less than a sad quarrel could be the consequence of such offences on both sides: reproaches of unkindness had but too just a foundation.

The dispute ran very high between themselves, but they were cautious of showing any marks of their difference before their father and mother; well knowing, that the lightest punishment they could expect for their behavour, would be the entire forfeiture of their garden.

Mrs. Harland was engaged to go out, with a lady who was staying at her house, to drink tea, and had promised to take Laura with her. The pleasure she expected to receive from this visit was another forcible

motive for concealing the affair, lest she should be left at home; which would have been a great disappointment, as some children, of nearly her own age, were invited to meet her. Little did she suppose, at that time, that she herself would petition to resign the enjoyment of this much-desired visit, for the sake of this very brother, who had offended her so greatly. But it happened, that soon after dinner poor Henry was seized with a shivering-fit, the head-ache, and sickness at his stomach, and was altogether so much indisposed, that Mrs. Harland was obliged to send for medical advice. Mr. Osborne, the apothecary, after having felt his pulse, and heard his symptoms, ordered him to be put to bed, as he thought him in great danger of a fever. This unexpected circumstance obliged Mrs. Harland to give up all thoughts of going out; but she told Laura, that it should not prevent her from attending Mrs. Morton. At first she was extremely delighted with this indulgence, and began to make preparations for dressing, by *laying out* all her best clothes; but being *sent by her* mamma, to sit a quarter of an

hour with her brother, whilst some family concerns required her attendance, she was so grieved at seeing him suffer, that she forgot he had ever offended her. She sat down by the bedside, and tenderly took hold of his hand, saying, 'My dear Henry, what can I do to relieve you? I have a bottle of lavender-water in my pocket; try whether smelling at it will not make your head better.' Then she bathed his temples, and gave him the juice of an orange, and tried whatever she could think of to divert him; when, recollecting her visit, she said, 'I am sorry I am going out, but if my mamma will give me leave to stay with you, I should prefer it to any other pleasure.' Henry was sensible of her kindness, and entreated her to forgive him for planting the garden contrary to her wishes. She expressed equal concern for having pulled up his trees; their animosity was over, and they agreed upon a plan, which should satisfy them both, when Henry recovered.

Laura obtained permission to remain with her brother; indeed, such a reasonable request

could scarcely be refused. She passed the evening in his chamber, rendering him every kind office she could devise.

In a few days, Henry got perfectly well: their first amusement, when he was able to go abroad, was the stocking of their little piece of ground. All disagreement upon the subject having ceased, they had but one opinion. The things which they planted, flourished, and in the summer season yielded them plenty of fruit and flowers.

I WON'T, AND I WILL.

'COME down stairs, Lydia,' said Miranda to her little sister, who was playing in the passage above. 'I won't,' said Lydia, 'I am busy at play with my ball, and I don't choose to come down.' 'I have got something for you, which you little think of,' replied Miranda. 'Oh! then I will,' said she; I am coming directly,' and down she ran. 'What have you got, Miranda? let me see.' 'A slice of plum-cake, which my grandmamma *has just* sent us.' 'But Lydia does

not deserve to partake of it,' said her governess, who had accidentally overheard all that had passed. 'She declares, in the same breath, that she *will not*, and that she *will*, do what her sister desires. One of the two declarations must be false.' 'I never thought of that,' replied the giddy child; 'but I will contrive to make amends for it. The next time I am called, I will say, I *will*, and then I *won't*; and that, you know, will make me even.' Her governess could not help smiling at her simplicity. 'My dear,' said she, 'how strangely you mistake the nature of truth, in supposing that by twice contradicting yourself, as it were, crosswise, you can balance the account. Instead of making reparation for your first fault, you will be guilty of a second, by saying one thing, and doing another, twice over. Besides, it is a foolish habit to be changeable in your opinion. When you say you will, or you will not do a thing, you should keep your resolution, unless there is a material reason for altering it.' 'You did not keep your promise the other day,' said Lydia, 'when you told me, that I should go to bed without my

supper, for being idle at my work.' 'When I promise to give any of you a reward, I consider myself obliged to perform it; but when I threaten a punishment, and observe a favourable alteration in your behaviour afterwards, I think myself at liberty to forgive you a part, or all, of what I intended you should suffer, in consequence of that amendment. Do not you remember, that, after being very idle all the morning, on the day you mention, you became exceedingly orderly and industrious in the afternoon, and were very sorry for your former misconduct. You must agree, that this pleasing change deserved a recompence, and was a sufficient motive for the alteration of what I had otherwise determined, and for permitting you to enjoy your supper as usual, notwithstanding my threat.' 'I had also a reason for altering my opinion,' said Lydia: 'the second time Miranda called, she told me that she had something to give me, which she did not mention at first.' 'That is a tolerable apology,' said her governess; 'but in future, you must learn to think before you speak, and to abide by your engagement.'

THE ASS.

SEVERAL naughty boys had taken a poor defenceless ass into a meadow, behind Mr. Jocelyn's house, and were tormenting it most cruelly. The beast belonged to a chimney-sweeper, who obliged her to work very hard, and to carry heavy loads of soot; but that was the least part of her misfortunes, for he half starved her, and suffered his apprentice to use her as he pleased. This boy was one of the company on the present occasion: he was a poor orphan parish child, and had been brought up in a work-house, where, from his infancy, he had been inured, by bad examples, to every species of wickedness. Nature had blessed him with a quickness of understanding, which, under proper instruction, would most probably have rendered him a virtuous and a useful man; unhappily, the same talents, misapplied to contrary purposes, contributed to make him distinguished for his address in wickedness. He told lies, used bad words, and had given such a loose to his temper, that he delighted to tyrannize

over every creature that fell into his power. The most savage barbarity he wantonly exercised towards this poor suffering ass; not only for the sake of domineering over it, but also in revenge for the inhuman strokes he often received in his turn, from the whip of his master.

Being nursed in severity, and a stranger to all that endearing tenderness, that children, in more prosperous circumstances, receive from their parents, his heart had become blunted to a sense of compassion, and he felt for nothing but himself. He had been sent out that morning with the ass, to carry several sacks of soot to a wholesale dealer, who collected it in small quantities from the chimney-sweepers; and as he was returning home, met with some of his acquaintance, who lived in the neighbourhood. After talking a little together, they agreed to go into this meadow, and each have a ride. The ass was already tired with her expedition; but that did not hinder them from whipping her, to make her go as fast as they desired. *Not being* able to quicken her pace sufficiently with the whip, they beat her with the

shovel; and at last, one of them, more ingenious than the rest, contrived to fasten two large pins to the heels of his shoes, to answer the purpose of spurs: with these they gored her sides, they kicked her, and bruised her, till, overcome with pain and weariness, she fell down, and rolled one of them off her back. Finding it impossible to make her rise, two or three of them sat down upon her back at the same time, and redoubled their blows: they were even so merciless as to run the pins through her ears. Whilst they were diverting themselves in this wicked manner, they were observed, from a window in Mr. Jocelyn's house, by his son Charles, who was remarkable for the humanity of his disposition, though not devoid of manly courage, which he knew how to exert when it was necessary. Incensed at their ill-treatment of an animal, which could neither complain nor defend herself, he ran to them with all his speed; but not without taking a stick in his hand, by way of defence.

'My lads,' says he, 'you behave shamefully, in tormenting that poor creature in so

brutal a manner.' 'What is that to you?' says Tom the chimney-sweeper, 'she does not belong to you; nor shall I ask your leave, what I am to do. Because you are a gentleman's son, and wear a handsome coat, you think you have a right to lord it over us; but I will teach you the difference. Come, Jack,' to one of the biggest of his companions, 'let you and I bang him;' for, with all his cruelty, Tom was an intolerable coward, and durst not have touched him by himself. 'I did not come here to fight,' replies Charles, 'but to persuade you to let that poor creature alone; though, to show you that I am not protected by my fine coat, I am ready to engage with any of you, one at a time; for you deserve to be beaten soundly for your behaviour.' Upon this they all began to set upon him together, and to abuse him with ill language.

The attack of numbers obliged him to use a different method of procuring a release for the ass, though not till after he had received several smart blows; but as he found himself attacked on all sides at once, he was unable to defend himself, therefore he offered to

buy the ass. The sight of a few shillings was so tempting to Tom, that he resolved to accept of it, and invent some story of the creature's being killed, to pacify his master; but of this scheme he said nothing to Charles, who never thought of enquiring to whom she belonged, so much was his mind engaged by the desire of delivering her from these tormentors. Tom took the money, and made off, as fast as he could, with his associates.

As soon as they were gone, Charles found himself at a great loss to know what to do with his purchase: she was so lame and injured, he could not make her stir; and had she been willing to move, he did not know whither to lead her; for in his haste, he had never considered how his father would approve what he had done. He began to be afraid that it was wrong to make such a bargain, without having first asked leave. Being extremely perplexed, he sat down upon a stile, to consider what means he could take to prevent his father's displeasure. He felt that he had but one apology to make, which

was, that he had acted from a good motive. After reflecting a few minutes, he determined to leave the ass quietly where she was, and go directly to his father, and tell him the whole affair. He did so, and received this answer:

'I cannot be angry with you, Charles, because your intention was excellent; but you have brought me into an inconvenient situation; for she is the property of Simpson the chimney-sweeper, and I cannot keep her without his consent; and should he agree to part with her, I do not know what to do with her.'

'Do any thing papa,' replied Charles, with earnestness, 'rather than return her to be abussd by that cruel boy. Had you but seen what I did, you could not bear the thought of it.'

Mr. Jocelyn was at length persuaded, by his son's entreaties, to send to Simpson, for his confirmation of the bargain, which he refused without an additional sum. The money was paid, and Tom being detected in his *dishonesty* and falsehood, got a severe thra-

ming, which rather hardened than corrected him.

As soon as the ass was able to be removed, she was taken to Mr. Jocelyn's stable, where Charles nursed her with great humanity, till she was perfectly recovered, when his father told him, he could be no longer encumbered with her. After many unsuccessful schemes to fix her comfortably in another situation, it was determined to give her to an old woman, who travelled about the country, selling thread and laces. This was a happy exchange from her former slavery: she had a light load to carry, and easy journeys to go, and was treated with gentleness by her mistress, who lived in a lane close by Mr. Jocelyn's. Charles frequently visited poor Jenny, pleased to see the happiness which he had caused, and never failed to carry a bite of hay in his hand.

Charles was a much better boy than Tom, and continued to be a better character when he grew up. But if both of them had been blessed with parents equally wise and kind,

it is not possible to say, which might have excelled the other; therefore, let those happy children, who enjoy the advantages of early instruction, prize it, and endeavour to be as much superior in virtue and wisdom, to others, whom Providence has placed differently, as they are in situation; but let them, at the same time, remember with humility, what they might have become, had they been exposed to the calamities and ill examples that corrupt thousands of children, and retard or prevent their advancement in goodness.

THE RECOMPENCE OF OBEDIENCE.

IT was prettily said by Julia, one evening, as she was visiting at a neighbour's: 'Pray, do not let me forget the time, and stay too late, for my governess desired that I would not exceed eight o'clock; and though I am extremely happy here with my companions, (many children being assembled, and at that *time amusing* themselves with different plays,)

I should be very sorry to stay beyond the hour she has appointed.'

'Is she, then, so very severe,' said one of the young ladies who stood by, 'that you are afraid of being punished for returning half an hour beyond the time she has prescribed?'

'Far otherwise,' replied Julia; 'she is so kind and condescending, that it would grieve me to disoblige her. I love her next to my papa and mamma, and would not vex her on any account; and, in return for my endeavours to please her, she indulges me in every thing that will not hurt me; therefore, you cannot be surprised at my unwillingness to disobey her.'

'I wish my master was like her,' said a boy in the midst of the group; 'but he delights in restraining and punishing us; and we are never better pleased, than when we can tease him without being found out. There is not one in the school but dislikes him, and we often commit faults, that we should not, were he better beloved.'

Upon this, the little company began to

make a comparison between the disposition of those under whose authority they were placed; and it was observable, that where a gentle discipline had preserved the largest portion of love, there shone the most distinguished testimonies of respect and obedience. So certain it is, that love is more powerful than fear, the most slavish of all passions and the least worthy to be used in the tuition of the infant mind.

The clock struck eight: Julia heard the summons, and could not be persuaded, by the entreaties of her young friends, to prolong her visit. She hastened home, and with conscious pleasure entered Miss Mapleton's apartment.

'I hope I am in time,' said she: 'I listened for the hour, and put on my things as soon as I heard it strike.' 'You are, indeed, very punctual,' replied Miss Mapleton; 'it has, no doubt, cost you a sacrifice to leave the cheerful party you were with, before the rest were called away; but a recompence awaits your obedience, which was my motive for fixing a time with so much exactness. There is a German below, who has brought

a large number of Canary-birds from abroad. I met him yesterday, and fixed with him to be here at this hour, as he is obliged to reach London to night. Go down stairs, and make your choice of one of the most melodious songsters. Had you suffered yourself to be detained, the man would have been gone, and you would have been deprived of your bird; for I promised not to keep him later than a quarter after eight. I did not mention this appointment to you, because I had a mind to put your obedience to a trial, without influencing your compliance by any motive of interest. I should have inflicted no other punishment, had you neglected to have observed your engagement, than the deprivation of the pleasure of possessing a Canary-bird, which your absence would have prevented you from choosing. The doing our duty always brings its own reward, by the peace of mind it affords. It frequently, nay mostly, produces other benefits, as in the present instance.'

Julia, delighted with this approbation, as well as the indulgence with which it was accompanied, ran to the man, and was surprised at the sight of his cages; for they were

very large, and contained a great many warbling prisoners, apparently insensible to the misfortune of captivity. 'How happy they seem,' said Julia, with wonder: 'they enjoy themselves as much as if they were at liberty!' 'As they have been always used to live in confinement,' said the man, 'they are contented with their situation. The original breed came from the Canary Islands, which occasioned their name; but of late years they have been bred in Germany, from whence I come, and my countrymen carry them as far as Constantinople, and most of the principal cities in Europe. I have travelled many a weary mile, but I shall not complain of my trouble, if I dispose of my birds to advantage. Examine them, Miss, and take that which pleases your fancy.' After a little deliberation, Julia fixed upon one which was as yellow as gold, with a note so clear and shrill, that it could not be borne in a small room. The bird was therefore hung up in the hall, from whence it was heard in most parts of the house, without being too powerful in any. Julia's first employment after breakfast, was to fill his

glasses with seed and water, to clean his cage, and decorate it with fresh groundsel, or plantain, according to the season; nor did she ever omit her attendance upon him. The neglect of one day would have been followed by the loss of her bird, who was a very great favourite; for Miss Mapleton had warned her, when she gave it to her, what would be the consequence of want of constancy in her care. She remarked: 'It is common for children to be warm at first in their attachments, from the love of novelty; and afterwards, when the animals they have tamed are become familiar to them, to grow weary of the trouble of providing them daily with those things they require.' Julia's bird was as grateful as he was beautiful: he learned to take a piece of sugar out of her mouth, and would perch upon her shoulder with the utmost confidence in her kindness. But he was not so willing to approach strangers: his fidelity was reserved for his mistress alone, whom he would follow from place to place, and when she came near his cage, would express his joy by a melodious song.

VANITY PUNISHED.

IT happened in the month of March, that a slight frost, accompanied with a bleak wind from the north-east, occasioned the morning to be extremely cold, though the sky was clear, and the sun bright. The face of nature looked indeed like summer; but the temperature of the air felt like winter. Mrs. Martin was going to church with her daughter Susanna, and as her observation had enabled her to form a pretty exact judgment of the weather, she had prepared a defence against the cold, by wrapping herself up in a warm shawl and a fur-cloak. The little girl, deceived by appearances, and desirous of displaying a smart new satin spencer, without sleeves, which was only adapted to a mild season, equipped herself, as if it had been a summer's day. 'You are not clothed properly, my dear,' said Mrs. Martin: 'the glare of sunshine imposes upon you; but you will be starved with cold in that spencer. Go, lay it aside, and put on your great coat and *your tippet; you* will find them comfortable

for the wind is extremely sharp, notwithstanding it appears so fine.'

'Oh! dear, mamma, you are quite mistaken; I assure you it is beautiful abroad,' replied the conceited girl, 'for I have been taking a run in the garden, and I am not in the least cold, nor shall I feel any inconvenience from the want of my great coat: it is so heavy and ugly, that I cannot bear to wear it.'

'Your partiality for your new spencer has made you undervalue your great coat; but trust to my experience. The garden is inclosed by a high wall, and therefore less exposed than other places. We shall not have walked a quarter of a mile before you will repent your folly, if you persevere in it.' Susanna thought that she knew better than her mother, and therefore persisted in rejecting her advice.

They had scarcely proceeded a hundred yards, before the sun was withdrawn, and black chilling clouds had covered the sky: the blasts of the north-east wind blew full in their faces, with increased force. Susanna would willingly have concealed her feelings,

but she shivered involuntarily with cold. 'How the day is altered, mamma,' said she; 'it is really much colder than I expected.' 'I am glad,' rejoined Mrs. Martin, 'that you are at length convinced that my opinion was well founded: if you do not get a cold to make you seriously ill, I shall not regret the inconvenience you suffer. A confidence in your own judgment often leads you into error, and may produce fatal consequences, if you do not overcome it. This trivial circumstance may teach you a useful lesson of distrusting yourself, and relying, in matters of greater importance, upon the superior judgment of those, whose age has given them better opportunities of information. I have seen many days at this season of the year, like the present, inviting in appearance, but in reality bleak and unpleasant; my experience, therefore, induced me to guard against the inconvenience I was going to encounter. You had no guide to direct you, but the brightness of the sunshine; a delusion, of which a few thick clouds has *entirely* deprived you. You might have *availed yourself* of my advice; but that you

despised: you must now bear the effects of the piercing cold, without a proper shelter to defend you from it.' Before they reached the church, which was at least two miles distant from their house, Susanna was thoroughly chilled, and would gladly have exchanged her modish spencer for the comfortable warmth of her great coat.

Her mother perceived her distress; but as her behaviour frequently betrayed the same obstinacy and presumption, she had not much pity for her: she rather wished to increase her difficulties, by placing her folly in the most conspicuous light, that it might prevent her from a repetition of such a reliance upon her own opinion. Some neighbours overtaking them on their way, gave her an opportunity of effecting her purpose advantageously. After chatting upon the common topics, she said: 'Do not you admire the elegence of Susanna's spencer? She has put it on new to-day, and we think it extremely pretty.' 'It is remarkably genteel,' said one of the ladies, 'but how could you think of letting her wear it on such a cold day; the

poor child looks half frozen?' Susanna hung down her head with mortification. 'She is a heroine,' replied Mrs. Martin; 'she does not mind the cold, if she does but look smart.' Susanna wished herself at home, and the spencer in the milliner's shop, could she but have escaped from the satirical remarks of her mother and her friends, who took the hint, and amused themselves in laughing at her vanity. But this was not the end of her punishment; she caught a tiresome cough, which lasted several weeks, and obliged her to submit not only to be wrapped up in her great coat when she went abroad, but also to wear a painful blister, and to swallow many nauseous draughts from the apothecary. She often regretted that she had not listened to the persuasions of her mother, whose judgment and knowledge she was now convinced were superior to her own. In future, whenever she felt an inclination to adhere with perverseness to any plan she had formed, the remembrance of her cough disarmed her of her resolution, and determined her to ask advice of her mother, or any

other friend, who was older and wiser than herself.

THE WARNING.

THE kitchen is a very improper place for children, on many accounts. Servants seldom like to be interrupted with their company, especially when they are busy in cooking, or other dirty offices: neither can it be expected, that their manners and conversation should be improving to little girls and boys, who are born in a different sphere of life; because it is likely, that their parents were not able, from their poverty, to give them such an education as should qualify them to be the companions of those, whom the accident of birth has placed above them; though they may possess great worth and intelligence, for the condition which Providence has allotted them.

Besides interrupting the servants, learning vulgar habits, and soiling the clothes, there are other mischiefs to be dreaded in a kitchen,

which should deter mothers and governesses from permitting the little folks under their care to enter them. Large fires; coppers of hot water; saucepans of soup, starch, and things of the like nature; have caused many melancholy accidents, which would have been avoided, if the unhappy children who have perished by them, had been confined to the other parts of the house. Even when children are sent with messages, they ought to go only to the door, repeat what they have to say, and return immediately.

Had poor Amelia done so, she might still have been living; but, unfortunately, she was fond of the cook-maid, and Molly was much attached to her, and foolishly encouraged her to stay, whenever she came into the kitchen, by giving her a taste of any thing nice, that she was using in the preparation for dinner: this was a silly custom, proceeding from a mistaken kindness. The disposition and character of this little girl were so amiable and promising, that her mother fondly hoped to have enjoyed many years of comfort, in *beholding* her increasing virtues; but one *short quarter of* an hour blasted this delusive

prospect of happiness, and embittered the remainder of her days, by the afflicting impression of a circumstance, that no length of time could banish from her memory. She was sitting at work with Amelia, teaching her to embroider a screen, when it suddenly occurred to her, that she had forgotten to give Molly some orders relative to what she chose to have dressed for the day.

'My dear,' said she, 'when you have finished that leaf, step into the kitchen, and tell the cook that I want to speak with her.' Amelia was accustomed to obey her mother's commands with readiness; and as she was pleased to be entrusted with a commission to her favourite, she ran with more than usual alacrity. She found Molly standing by the kitchen fire, and, as her back was turned towards the door as she entered it, she did not perceive that she was in the very act of lifting a large saucepan, filled with boiling water, off the fire. Curious to see what she was about, and suspecting no danger, she ran hastily up to her, at the moment she was turning about with it in her hand. The

saucepan being extremely heavy, and her hand greasy, the shock of the child running against her, slight as it was, made her lose her grasp, and the handle slipping round, overturned the scalding water upon the unfortunate Amelia. Her screams drew the whole family together in a few minutes, and amongst the rest her unhappy mother, whose distress cannot be represented by any description: those alone, who have suffered such calamities, are capable of forming an idea of her sensations. Medical assistance was procured as soon as possible; but there was no time for the application of remedies; the vital parts were affected; convulsions came on speedily, and closed the awful scene.

How ineffectual were lamentation and regret to recal what had happened: prevention had been better than either. Often did her afflicted mother reproach herself for having sent her to a place, where it was possible for such an accident to happen; and almost as often did poor Molly accuse herself of carelessness, in causing the destruction of the child whom she loved so well, though the action was wholly involuntary In the midst

of their distress, the generous concern that the suffering Amelia expressed for the person who had thus unintentionally injured her so terribly, was remembered and repeated with a mixture of love and admiration. 'My dear mother,' said the half-expiring child, 'do not be angry with Molly; she was not in the least to blame. The fault was mine: I had no occasion to go near the fire.' Such sweet forgiveness in the moment of suffering, endeared her memory; and though it increased the poignancy of regret for her loss, yet it afforded a consolation, which grew stronger, as the excess of grief diminished.

A picture of so melancholy an aspect should not have thrown a gloom upon the entertainment these *Juvenile Anecdotes* are intended to produce, but for an opinion, that the warning might be useful to prevent future accidents of the same kind. How many children have been burnt to death by playing with fire! Carelessness, and ignorance of the consequences, lead others to endanger themselves in the same manner. Those who have never seen accidents of this kind, cannot imagine how quickly a single spark extends all

over the whole dress, especially if it be muslin, as children's frocks often are; nor how difficult it is to extinguish the flames, in time to save the wearer from their destructive power.

Let all children, therefore, who read this sad narrative, remember the misfortune of Amelia, and cautiously avoid playing with fire, or going into the kitchen when saucepans and coppers are in use; lest, in one fatally unguarded moment, they should suffer a calamity of the same kind, and vainly repent having disregarded this admonition.

THE VISIT TO OLD NURSE.

MRS. FAIRBANK having several small children, and but few servants to attend them, was very glad to send little Frank to pass a few weeks, whilst she was confined in a lying-in, with an elderly person, who had formerly lived as nurse in the family. Frank was of a very lively, playful disposition, and as he delighted in variety, was much pleased with the thoughts of his visit: the conclusion of the story will show how greatly he was disap-

pointed of the pleasure he expected on this occasion. The old lady had brought him up, and as she had been much attached to him whilst he was under her care, she also promised herself a renewal of the enjoyment his company used to afford her. But she was no longer able to bear the prattle and activity of children: her head shook with palsy, her eyes were become dim, her hearing was dull, her strength failed, and quiet repose was the only thing she could enjoy.

The little boy soon found himself very uncomfortably situated: he could neither play nor jump about, but Nurse Bygrove suffered from the disturbance, and reproved his innocent vivacity, as if it had been a fault. The numberless infirmities with which she was afflicted, had soured her temper, and made her so peevish, that it was impossible at times for the child to please her. Besides the continual restraint upon his inclinations, which he was obliged to endure, he was almost moped, for want of companions or amusement: Mrs. Bygrove's attention being too much engaged by her complaints, to

leave her opportunity to think of entertaining him.

There was but one thing in the house that Frank really loved, or that afforded him a little frolic now and then, to cheer his solitude, and that was a beautiful tortoiseshell cat, who was a great favourite, and admitted constantly into the parlour, where she generally basked upon a soft carpet before the fire. Sometimes Frank would venture to pull her tail gently, to invite her to play; or tempt her to jump into his lap, by the offer of a piece of toast and butter. By degrees puss became familiar with him, though it was some time before she attached herself to him, as she was not accustomed to be handled by children; but at length he won her entirely, by his gentle caresses, and by the delicate morsels which she always shared with him at the different meals.

It was a grievous punishment to poor Frank, to be obliged to sit still on a little stool every afternoon, by the side of Mrs. Bygrove, whilst she leant back in her easy chair, and took a nap to refresh herself. Puss *mostly placed* herself on the hearth opposite

to her mistress while she slept, either enjoying the same repose, or smoothing and dressing her coat with great nicety.

As they were sitting in this manner, one day after dinner, till the evening closed in, the child's patience being quite worn out, he said, after fetching a deep sigh, 'I wish, with all my heart, that one of us three were dead; but, my pretty pussy, it is not you, for I love you dearly; neither is it myself, for I like better to live than to die.' 'Then it must be me, whom you wish to be dead,' said the cross old woman, waking from her sleep, almost as angry at being disturbed, as she was at the wish: 'what a naughty, wicked boy you are!' continued she, 'you shall stay with me no longer; I will send you home to morrow.' Frank, frightened at what he had said, which had escaped him rather from weariness, than from any maliciousness towards Mrs. Bygrove, slid out of the room, and vented his uneasiness by a flood of tears. He was not suffered to return into the old lady's presence that night, but was ordered to be put to bed directly.

The next day Mrs. Bygrove kept her

word, and sent him home, with a heavy charge of misbehaviour; which surprised his mother greatly, as his docility and sweetness of temper mostly endeared him to his acquaintance. 'What have you done, my dear child,' said she, upon his return, 'to incur the disgrace of such a character? tell me the truth without disguise, that I may judge how far you have been to blame.' 'I believe I have been guilty of a great fault,' said the child; 'but I have been so dull and unhappy, ever since I left you, that I have been ready to break my heart; and nurse Bygrove is so tiresome and ill-natured, that at last I did not love her at all; and when I wished she was dead, I did not mean any harm, but only that I was weary of being with her, and wished any thing to get rid of her.' 'My dear,' replied Mrs. Fairbank, with a very serious countenance, 'I am persuaded that you spoke without consideration, or knowing the meaning of what you said. To desire the death of any person is highly improper, nay, I may say wicked; and more *especially* one to whom you owe such great *obligations.* Mrs. Bygrove took great ca

of you, when you were a helpless infant: her rest has been disturbed by your cries, and the fatigue of bringing you up may have hastened her infirmities. It is now your duty to return her kind offices: she is become old, and has no longer the power of pleasing you; but old age will come upon all who live long. Your blooming countenance will one day be wrinkled and disagreeable, if your life is spared as long as nurse Bygrove's. Your flaxen locks will change to grey; you will grow feeble; and your body will bend down with weakness. You will suffer many pains, which will probably destroy your cheerfulness, and put you out of humour with every thing about you. You will then think it a very hard thing to be despised and neglected when you stand most in need of the kindness and assistance of your friends. Children, when they are first born, would perish without the tenderest care: they are not only helpless, but have no means to make their wants known but by their cries, which awaken compassion, and induce their mothers and nurses to feed them and keep them warm, till

they are old enough to take care of themselves. When they are grown up, and have acquired strength and understanding, it is reasonable that they should repay with gratitude, the care which has been bestowed upon them by their parents and attendants.

The young storks are said to give a beautiful example to children, of the piety they owe to their aged parents, and those who have cherished them in their infancy, by conveying the old ones on their backs as they fly, when they are grown infirm, and are unable to pass from one place to another, in quest of food. When the company of old people appears tiresome to you, remember the filial affection of the stork, and do not suffer yourself to be excelled in virtue by a bird.' Frank listened attentively to the admonition of his mother, and promised never to express such another wish, and to behave kindly to nurse Bygrove in future; but he could not help desiring that he might not be sent to stay at her house again; to which Mrs. Fairbank consented, perceiving that the impropriety of his behaviour arose from

the unsuitable mixture of the vivacity of childhood with the decrepitude of age.

THE POWER OF A SCHOOL-BOY TO RELIEVE THE UNHAPPY.

IT happened, during the revolution in France, that a nobleman of high rank was driven, with his wife, to seek their safety by flight. They were obliged to leave their own country with such haste, that they had no opportunity to secure any part of the vast property they possessed, except a few of her diamonds, which they concealed in their clothes. They were so fortunate as to make a safe passage to England, though the weather was tempestuous, and they came over in an open boat. After having escaped the danger of the sea, they found themselves exposed to many other misfortunes. They were strangers in a foreign land, unacquainted with the language, nor possessing the means of support for any long space of time. They sold the jewels for a small sum, which

supplied them with present accommodation; but this resource was soon exhausted, and they were then reduced to extreme poverty.

In a situation so melancholy, they found the advantage of having received a good education: they retired to a village, a few miles distant from London, where Monsieur engaged in the profession of a teacher of languages. Had he been inattentive to instruction when a boy, they would now have had no means of subsistence, but must have been reduced to absolute beggary. His skill in Latin, Italian, and his native tongue, preserved them from want, though they still experienced a painful reverse of circumstances. Their splendid palace was changed into a mean lodging; their magnificent apartments, richly furnished, into two small rooms, with very few accommodations; their table, which had been plentifully supplied with a variety of dainties served on plate, was sometimes scarcely provided with necessaries; instead of a train of servants, ready to obey their commands, they were obliged to perform the *most* menial offices themselves. Accustomed *to distribute liberally* of their large store, to

those who needed it, they were now in danger, from many accidents, of requiring the same succours; but being of a cheerful disposition, and very affectionately attached to each other, they made the best of their situation, and passed their time in tolerable content.

A year or two was spent in this manner, almost unknown in the neighbourhood in which they lived, except by a few families where Monsieur taught. But even such a state of moderate tranquillity was not of long duration; for the conflicts of mind he had undergone, and the change of climate, at an advanced period of life, affected his constitution, and gradually impaired his strength.

Necessity, however, compelled him to continue to give his lessons, as long as he was able; but at length his disorders increased to so great a pitch, that it was impossible for him to endure the fatigue of attending his scholars. Want threatened them on every side, with the terrible prospect of sickness united to poverty.

They had lost all hope in human help;

their only trust was in that Providence which watcheth over the natives of every country with one undistinguished care. Nor was it a groundless confidence they cherished: those who place their trust in divine assistance, are never forsaken.

In the midst of this calamity, consolation and help arose from a quarter from whence they had not the least expectation. Amongst those whom Monsieur instructed, was a day-scholar, at one of the schools, whom I shall call Octavius. We are apt to suppose, that children have no power to assist the distressed; but the behaviour of Octavius towards these unfortunate strangers, proves that benevolence and a desire to do good enable every one to be useful to their fellow creatures, according to their respective situations. There are a great many kind offices, which may be performed by those who neither possess much power nor much money; but which, nevertheless, continue to alleviate affliction.

Whilst Monsieur was in health, Octavius had often listened with great emotion to the *affecting narrative* related by his master, and

many times had offered the tribute of an involuntary tear.

When Monsieur failed in his usual attendance, he went to his lodging to enquire the cause of his absence; but how was his sensibility shocked, when, upon being shown up stairs, he found him pale and emaciated, reclining in an elbow chair; his wife sitting on the other side of a few live embers, in the deepest dejection! The generous interest he had always taken in their misfortunes, presently induced them to unbosom their secrets to him; for though he was young, he was their only friend. He frequently repeated his visits, and made himself fully acquainted with all their wants. He became the principal companion of their solitude, and renounced every amusement, that he might devote his leisure hours to soothe their affliction. The indisposition of the poor gentleman increased, and the want of necessary comforts in such a situation, became every day more urgent. They were without firing to warm the chamber, and unable to procure that kind of nourishment, of which he stood in need. Medical advice was necessary; but

they had no means of paying for it. Octavius, pierced with their misery, first made their circumstances known to his mother, and afterwards, with her permission, to several other persons, whom he interested in behalf of these illustrious sufferers, by the artless simplicity of his tale, and his earnestness in their cause.

Compassion being once awakened, many visited them, and administered to their necessities. Octavius continued to cheer their solitary hours with his company, and mitigated their sufferings by numberless acts of tenderness and sympathy. So much endeared was he, by his conduct, to the sick man, that his entrance revived him when nothing else was capable of affording him any amusement. He used to call him his young friend, his chief consolation; and say, that he was sent as a blessing from heaven. Nature at length gave way, the physician's aid was ineffectual to restore him—he died; and his widow would have been left forlorn and destitute, had it not been for the kind exertions of those friends, whom the benevolence of Octavius had procured for her.

Thus we see that the power of doing good is neither confined to age nor station: it consists more in inclination, than in the possession of talents or riches. A kind word, a tender look, the endearing voice of sympathy, which the young, the poor, and even the most helpless are endued with ability to bestow. Let every one, then, endeavour to do all the good they can, and never lose an opportunity of performing a kind action, however trifling it may appear. Should no other reward be obtained, than that of cultivating an affectionate, tender disposition, it is alone a sufficient recompence.

LORENZO.

LORENZO was a boy of a high-spirited, generous nature. He often offended, but was ready to acknowledge his error, and make amends for his fault. His anger was warm, but soon subsided: his forgiveness was as hasty as his repentance. Whatever came into his possession, he always shared with his companions, whether money, playthings, or

's. Active, enterprising, and cou-
ıs, he sometimes got into mischief; but
ıostly dexterity enough to extricate
f out of it. The confinement of a
'y was insupportable to a child of his
ition: though only seven years old, it
udged best to send him to a large
l, for which his talents and temper
ıdapted. No proposal could have been
agreeable to him: he delighted in the
y of boys, and in the practice of manly
ises.

ıt a cloud overshadowed his brow at
ıg home; nor did a tear unman his
tenance, even at parting with his mo-

A soon as he was introduced into the
ground, where fifty or sixty boys were
ing themselves with different sports,
ure and astonishment almost silenced
but, recovering himself, he addressed
roup which surrounded him with great
ıge: 'My brave boys,' said he, 'I wish
l something to give you to buy a treat;'
ıg a large handful of halfpence out of
ɔreeches pocket at the same time, and
ıg the money into the midst of them,

'but here is all I have, and you must scramble for it.' There was something so generous in his manner, so manly, and so engaging, that it won the hearts of his school-fellows of all ranks. They became familiar with him in an instant. One shook him by the hand, another patted him on the shoulder, and a third called him a fine fellow: every one was desirous of expressing his approbation. None of them would accept of the money; but it was with difficulty they could persuade him to return it into his pocket. That matter being at length settled, he joined in their play, with as much unconcern, as if he had been acquainted with them for a twelvemonth.

He took leave of his father with the same firmness with which he had left home. School was full of delights for him, he enjoyed the play, and sport, and glee, which it afforded, under less restraint than he experienced when among his little brothers and sisters. When the vacation came, he enjoyed the pleasure of seeing his papa and mamma; but at the end of the month was quite willing to return to *his former* situation. There were few things

that depressed Lorenzo: happy in the cheerfulness of his own disposition, he was contented any where. Whether at home or at school, he remained the same active, cheerful being. Always employed in business or in play, he had no propensity to idleness; but applied to his lessons with the same spirit with which he pursued his diversions. The love of truth may likewise be classed amongst his good qualities: he disdained the meanness of falsehood. He was once accused of a fault, and punished for it, through the misrepresentation of a cowardly boy, who had done the thing for which he suffered. He bore the strokes of the rod with silent contempt, after having positively denied the fact. The master had entirely forgotten the affair, till a circumstance, which happened a few days after, brought it back to his recollection, and convinced him of the injustice of his sentence.

A ball was thrown with great force by an unknown hand, through the best parlour window, and unfortunately shivered to pieces *a large mirror,* which hung in a pannel opposite to it. The master, vexed at the de

truction of so valuable a piece of furniture, examined every boy in the school one by one by one, hoping by that means to discover the delinquent. Lorenzo was the only one who had not yet been before him, and he began to despair of success, as he had not been able to find out the least trace of the offender. He approached his master with an undaunted countenance, and a firmness of manner, mixed with respect.

'Sir,' said the master, 'do you know who was guilty of flinging the ball that broke my looking-glass?' 'Yes, sir,' replied Lorenzo, 'it was I: I scorn a falsehood. You punished me a few days ago for a fault that I did not commit; now I own myself guilty, though by accident, and am willing to submit to any correction you please to impose.' This candid confession subdued his master's displeasure, he not only forgave him, but ever after depended upon his word, and treated him with peculiar marks of respect. The boy who had falsely accused him, in order shelter himself from detection, being thus exposed, hung down his head with shame,

was scorned by his schoolfellows, despised by his master, and was long, very long, before he could regain a good character. What a contrast between the boldness of truth and the abjectness of falsehood! let my readers judge from this picture, which of the two they should adopt and practise.

FINIS

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